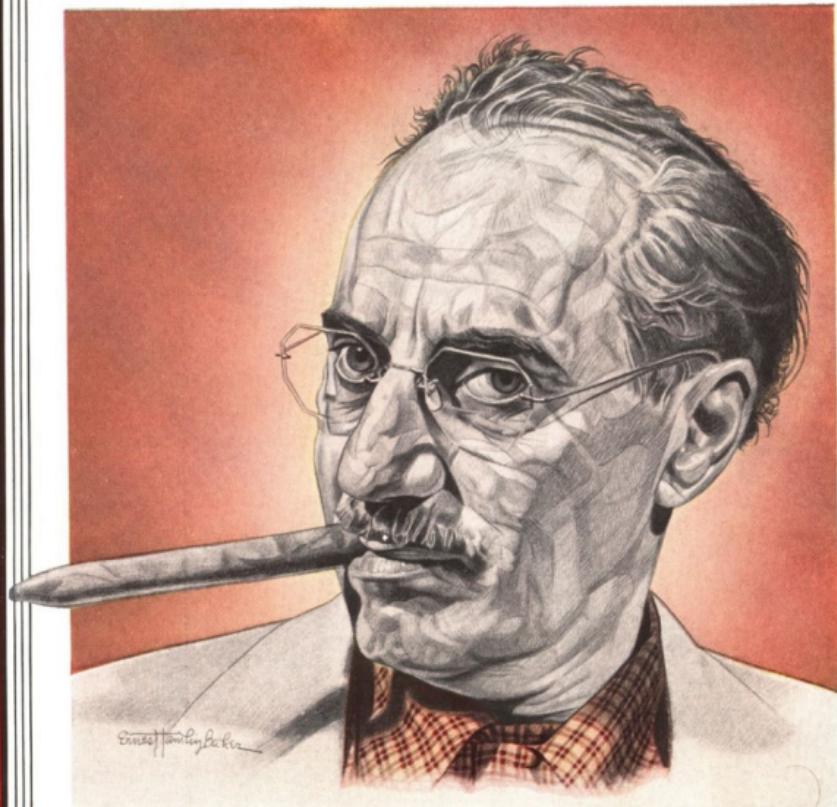


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DECEMBER 31, 1951

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LVIII NO. 27

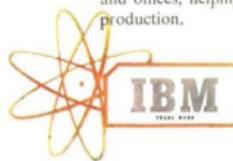


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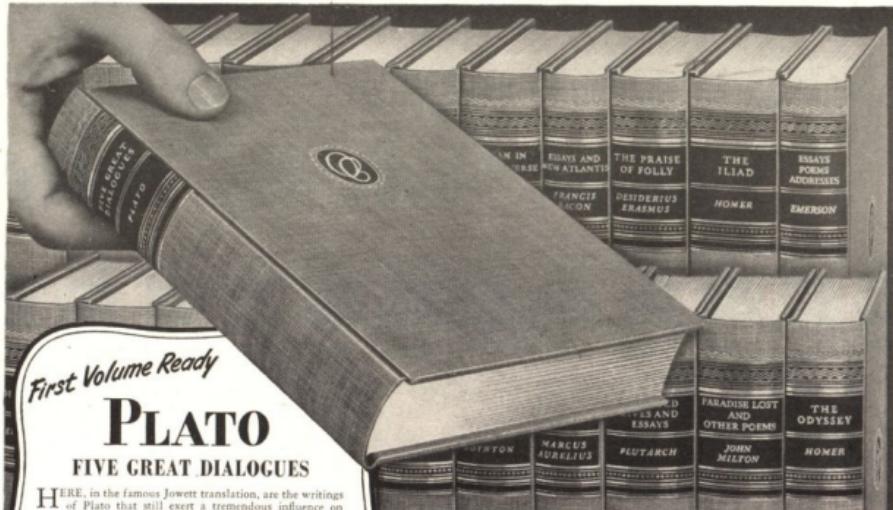
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The



Man of the Year



ONE MAN'S STORY can never sum up the news of any one year—but often, one man's personal history leaves an indelible mark on the news of that year. And that man—having had the greatest rise to, or fall from, fame; having done the most to change the news for better or for worse—can be called the "Man of the Year."

Next week's issue of TIME will feature the "Man of 1951" . . . the man whose story will, in the opinion of the Editors, best reflect the spirit of the dreadful, wonderful weeks and months of the year just past.

He may be a statesman whose efforts have brought us closer to a working peace . . . or perhaps one whose actions have led us in the other direction.

He may be a scientist . . . or a mystic. He may be a peacemaker . . . or a trouble maker. He may be a spiritual leader . . . a military leader . . . or a powerful politician.

He need not be, from a purely American point of view, an admirable person. He may even be an enemy—as was Hitler in 1938, or Stalin in 1939 . . . for these men, too, changed the course of history.

The Man of the Year is, suitably, a symbol of his time . . . whether the best of times, the worst of times, an age of reason, an age of wickedness, an age of longing, an age of hope.

The Man of the Year—TIME, January 7th—an issue you will not want to miss.

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BOEING!**

A Boeing engineer is Somebody! He's measured up to the high standards of an Engineering Division that's been growing steadily for 35 years.

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There are excellent openings for experienced and junior aeronautical, mechanical, electrical, electronics, civil, acoustical, weights and tooling engineers for design and research; for servo-mechanism designers and analysts; and for physicists and mathematicians with advanced degrees.

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You'll be proud to say, "I'm a Boeing engineer!"

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Engineering opportunities at Boeing interest
me. Please send me further information.

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Address _____
City and State _____

LETTERS

Man of the Year?

SIR:

... I PLACE IN NOMINATION THE MAN WHOSE BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS QUITE LITERALLY MAKE POSSIBLE THE STELLAR ROLES PLAYED BY POLITICIANS AND GENERALS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. A MAN WHOSE GENEROSITY IS ONLY EXCELLED BY HIS DOCILITY. MR. REALLY BIG, THE AMERICAN TAXPAYER.

FRED C. ELLS

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

SIR:

There is no one but General Douglas MacArthur . . .

FRANK T. PRIEST

Wichita, Kans.

SIR:

... T. LAMAR CAUDLE FOR CINCHING THE REPUBLICANS IN 1952.

MICHAEL REISE

NEW YORK CITY

SIR:

... John Foster Dulles.

C. J. HUYSEN

Detroit

SIR:

... Senator Estes Kefauver.

(REV.) WILLIAM MCLEAN TWIDDY

Succasunna, N.J.

SIR:

Senator Joseph McCarthy . . .

CARL NESOR

Winnetka, Ill.

SIR:

... Surely General Eisenhower? . . .

MRS. RUTH LOUCHS

Bainbridge, N.Y.

SIR:

Hear my plea—Not H.S.T.!

JOHN MORGAN

Bell Buckle, Tenn.

SIR:

That forgotten, imprisoned Associated Pressman William N. Oatis.

DAN F. SULLIVAN

St. Louis

SIR:

... Paul Douglas.

JEAN SHEPLER

Litchfield, Ill.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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Sir:

... Secretary of State Dean Acheson.

ROBERT DONIHI

London, England

Sir:

As runner-up to your Man of the Year, I'd like to nominate a once stalwart gent known as Dollar Bill . . .

LEWIS WILLIAMS

Philadelphia

Of TIME readers' nominations for Man of the Year, 14% voted for General MacArthur; 9% for John Foster Dulles; President Truman and General Eisenhower, 4%; Churchill and Senator Estes Kefauver, 3%; Dean Acheson, Senator Paul Douglas and the American Taxpayer, 2 1/2%; Senator Taft, 2%; Senator McCarthy, Premier Mossadegh and John L. Lewis, 1 1/2%. The remaining 49 1/4% votes were scattered.—Ed.

How the Readers Digest

Sir:

TIME [Dec. 10] says: "The Reader's Digest is one of the greatest success stories in the history of journalism." Admittedly, the Digest enjoys circulation superiority. But is that equivalent to success? The real test of success is not size but quality. I regret to note TIME contributing to the American heresy that bigness is the same as goodness, that success can be tabulated on an adding machine.

The measurement of a successful publication is its approximation to the true and the good . . . and a publication which . . . caricatures truth by pretending all truths are really complex but simple and simply digested . . . is only effective in spreading the trite and the superficial.

DONALD McDONALD

Davenport, Iowa

Sir:

For most young people the Reader's Digest serves as a pleasant introduction to adult reading . . .

I suppose that my main objection is that the food for thought has been so carefully sweetened for swallowing whole that the readers themselves digest very little. There is little stimulation for careful analysis or deep inquiry. As indicative of this condition I

Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to: TIME, Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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Volume LVIII
Number 27

TIME
DECEMBER 31, 1951

TIME, DECEMBER 31, 1951



What's it like to fly the Stratojet?

Even tough old combat fliers and veteran test pilots ask eager questions about the Boeing B-47. What's it like to take up this new bomber—fastest in the world? How does she handle? How does she ride?

More and more Air Force pilots now have the answers, and they'll tell you nothing in flying can touch it. They like the mighty thrust of the jets. They like the flexible, high speed swept-back wings that absorb most turbulence; make for smoother flight. And they like the easy

way she handles. "Why, she flies more like a fighter than a bomber!" Stratojet pilots say.

Big as a B-29 or B-50 Superfort, the B-47 is flown by a three-man crew. Commanding the Stratojet is the pilot. At better than 600 miles an hour he has plenty to do, for as one pilot puts it, "You have to fly ahead of an airplane this fast!"

Behind him in the cockpit rides the co-pilot-engineer. And below, in the nose, is the triple-threat man—navigator, bom-

bardier and radar operator all in one, aided by amazingly fast and accurate computing equipment.

For the Stratojet the Air Force has set up a special accelerated testing program—special training procedures for the crews which will fly it. Boeing in turn has gone all out in production effort. Two other major manufacturers—Lockheed and Douglas—are also being brought into the program to produce this key medium bomber of America's growing air strength.

For the Air Force, Boeing is building

B-52 Stratoforts **B-47 Stratojets** **TB-50 Superfortresses** **C-97 Stratofreighters**
and for the world's leading airlines, Boeing has built fleets of Stratocruisers.

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Mutuals isn't a matter of luck. It reflects his employer's good judgment in selecting this mature insurance organization. Our claim men—like their teammates—are company-trained to relieve our policyholder-owners of every possible detail and maintain our unchallenged reputation as "good people to do business with."





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EMPLOYERS MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY OF WISCONSIN

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cite the fact that to many students, "research for speech material" is synonymous with thumbing through the current edition of the *Digest*. Worse, they reproduce the chosen article . . . orally, right down to the last pastel adjective . . .

GEORGE A. WILLEY

Beloit College
Beloit, Wisconsin

Sir:

Your article on the DeWitt Wallaces is one of the best that I have ever read. Every reader of the *Reader's Digest* must have wondered about the people and the organization that do it. Then you come along and lift the curtain in a very perfect sort of way . . .

GORDON STRONG

Dickerson, Md.

Sir:

I suggest that since the *Reader's Digest* does not give the public an open forum or letters-to-the-editor section, some young couple get married and publish a magazine of direct reply. I would not suggest *Reader's Indigestion* [but] imagine the possibilities in free contributions to "The Character I Want to Forget" . . .

F. DEWOLFE MILLER

Knoxville, Tenn.

What They Like About the South

Sir:

Congratulations on your excellent "Industrial South" [Dec. 10] article. It is high time someone dispelled the illusion that the South is a decadent, poverty-stricken area, peopled by prejudiced and illiterate "natives" . . .

JACK H. CAMPBELL

Bullock, N.C.

Sir:

The "Industrial South" is a long-awaited reward for nine years of subscribing to *TIME*.

RALPH D. PORCH

Anniston, Ala.

Sir:

. . . You have finally given us credit for being more than a stamping ground for carpetbaggers . . .

MILLARD N. WILLIAMS

Savannah, Ga.

Sir:

. . . I am disappointed that you omitted the "ig" in Greeneville, Tenn., which reminds me of a porter on the Southern Railway's "Memphis Special," announcing: "Greeneville, Greeneville, the home of Andrew Johnson, the 17th President of the United States, the onliest Greeneville with an 'e' in the middle!"

CHARLES HEWETT

Erwin, Tenn.

SIR:

YOUR CAPTION UNDER PICTURE OF ECUSTA PLANT CALLING IT "WORLD'S NO. 1 MAKER OF CIGARETTE PAPER" IS INCORRECT. FACTS ARE THESE: ECUSTA HAS TOTAL OF ONLY EIGHT PAPER MACHINES. PETER J. SCHWEITZER, INC., HAS 31 PAPER MACHINES WORLDWIDE; 16 DEVOTED TO MANUFACTURE OF CIGARETTE PAPER, WORKING 7 DAYS A WEEK, 24 HOURS A DAY PRODUCING CONSIDERABLY MORE CIGARETTE PAPER PER YEAR THAN ECUSTA.

M. PETER SCHWEITZER

NEW YORK CITY

TIME's caption should have made it clear that Ecusta is the biggest *single* plant making cigarette paper.—ED.





Jimmy said two billion prayers

"God bless everybody!" he said . . . short and sweet.

"Then I kissed him goodnight, tucked him in, put out the light and went downstairs. "That was a *big* order! Two billion people on this earth . . . and Jimmy was praying for them *all*!"

"Now . . . if you were going to have that many people blessed, what *one* big blessing would you wish for them *all*?"

"Freedom! What finer thing than Freedom for all the peoples of the world? Why, anybody who knows what our Freedom really means would give his eyeteeth to be an American citizen. Let's see why:

"Here we have freedom of religion. Our newspapers can say anything they want and so can we, short of libel, slander or sedition. Our kids are taught Freedom from kindergarten up. Here we have a free choice of places to live in, businesses to go into or jobs to work at, like mine at Republic (you ought to see the steel we're producing down at the plant!)

"Come voting time, nobody sees us mark our ballots . . . nor can he know *where* we vote for. And we can squawk our heads off in town meetings or write what we think to our Congressmen . . . and nobody puts us in jail for it.

"As long as we don't step on the other fellow's Freedom, we Americans are the freest people in the world. But there are plenty of people trying to rob us of those Freedoms and run things *their* way. *Outside* enemies . . . but we have plenty *inside*, too. They sneak into our schools, businesses, unions, social clubs . . . *everywhere!*

"Let's keep an eye on those who attack our Freedoms . . . while Jimmy prays for the other two billion whose greatest blessing would be the Freedoms we already *have!*"

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Republic Building, Cleveland 1, Ohio



LIKE GOLD, SCRAP IS WHERE YOU FIND IT! And there's scarcely an industry, business or storage yard that cannot yield a rich load of Scrap Iron. Do you know that it takes 100 tons of Scrap Iron to produce 200 tons of new steel? That's why Republic is the only American needs that new steel today. For Defense. For Construction. For Production. And for Civilian needs. Prospect around your place for all the discarded, broken, worn or obsolete equipment, tools and machines *today*. And sell it to your local "junk" dealer for Scrap *tomorrow!*

* * *

[For a full color reprint of this advertisement, write Dept. E, Republic Steel, Cleveland 1, Ohio.]



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Tidings of Painful Joy

A people's hopes & fears lay in five thin paper folders placed by the Communists on the conference table at Panmunjom. "We herewith exchange our lists," intoned the U.S.'s Rear Admiral Ruthven Libby. The Red negotiators picked up a fat directory of 132,474 names, the prisoners of war now held by the U.N. Admiral Libby picked up the five thin folders: a roster of 11,559 U.N. fighting men named by the Communists as their prisoners. Among them were the names of 3,198 U.S. soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen, including that of Major General William Dean of the 24th Division, the highest-ranking U.S. officer lost to the enemy in Korea.

Within 48 hours—by radio, TV, press report and Pentagon telegram—the U.S. people knew the best and the worst of the news from the enemy. Eight thousand of the 11,000 American families, whose sons, brothers, husbands and fathers had been listed as missing in action, could only hope against fading hope, or pray that the names they could not find would yet turn up in the ranks of the living. The kinfolk of the 3,198 identified U.S. captives wept, laughed, gave fervent thanks—and all the U.S. shared their painful joy.

Prayer for a Miracle. "The fact that he is alive is a miracle," cried Mrs. Julius De Benedict, of Mariners Harbor, N.Y., when she heard the news that her son Julius, a 1st Cavalry Division corporal, was listed as one of the Red prisoners. The family had not heard from him in 13 months. "Now," said Mrs. De Benedict, "we will pray for another miracle—that he be returned home safe and sound."

Gladness tempered with anxiety was a common denominator of emotions across the land. In Los Angeles, the family of Corporal Blythe Berkheimer saw his name flashed on the TV in their living room. "We all screamed at once," related his mother Nora. "Later we all cried . . . He was a big boy, 240 lbs., when he left home. A mother can't help wondering, in bed at night, if her boy is getting any food."

In Monongahela, Pa., Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Louttit, close by their radio, kept the long vigil that mothers & fathers were keeping everywhere. "We just sat there and listened," said Mrs. Louttit. "We hoped and we prayed, because all we knew was that Charles was missing and the truck he had been driving was found full of bullet holes. Then we heard his name.



Eastphoto

U.S. PRISONERS OF THE COMMUNISTS
Fervent thanks—and hope against fading hope.

I grabbed my husband and he grabbed me. The children started crying."

Help from a Proverb. In a Brooklyn flat, where candles to the Virgin had been burning for more than a year, Mr. & Mrs. Philip Chiarelli saw their son's name flashed on the television screen at midnight. A minute later, excited neighbors began calling; soon an impromptu party got under way. "An Italian proverb," rejoiced father Chiarelli, "says hope is something that even the poor can afford. We had plenty of that."

In El Paso, Mrs. Julio Ramirez sobbed over the news of her son Ralph, a corporal: "Oh, how I hope it's true. I've prayed for him all the time. I can't wait until he comes home. Maybe then I'll be able to sleep nights."

Inevitably, there were a few strange twists to the unfolding story. The Pentagon found that the Red list included 20 names of men previously recorded as killed in action. At Ft. MacArthur, Calif., Private Antonio Apodaca, a Korea veteran, found his name on the list. In Atlanta, Mrs. William Sasser gasped incredulously when she heard the name "Pfc. Walter Dixon." That was the name of her first husband, who was reported killed in action last May. At week's end the Defense Department was still checking into the case.

Salting of Skepticism. As the roll call of captives was hurried along, it was heavily salted with official U.S. doubts. Pentagon telegrams cautioned that "no assurance as to accuracy can be given at this time." Warned President Harry Truman: "For the sake of the families whose sons are missing in action, everyone should treat this list with skepticism."

What had happened to the U.S.'s 8,000 fighting men still missing in action? By & large, the Communist prisoner list checked with Pentagon records as to identity (only three of the 3,198 could not be found on any Defense Department roster). But in previous propaganda handouts, the Reds had named at least a thousand prisoners not found on their master list, a cruel discrepancy for many an American family. Some of the missing, like the 7,000 others never named as P.W.s, might still be alive; many had certainly died in battle and their bodies had not been recovered; others were presumably victims of atrocity or disease while in captivity.

While the true negotiators struggled across the conference table, the U.S. could only wait and hope. Last week in Saginaw, Mich., Mr. & Mrs. Walter Fox listened as the radio gave the names from the Communist list. "Don't worry, Mom," said one of the younger children. "Ronald's name

is going to be on that list." A few minutes later, a Western Union messenger knocked on the door. The telegram he handed Mrs. Fox was from the Defense Department: her son, reported missing last July, had been killed in action.

Kidnapped

For more than a month, the world's most powerful nation huffed & puffed, but it could not budge a minor Soviet slave state. Four U.S. flyers, lost over Hungary on a routine C-47 cargo flight from Germany to Yugoslavia, had been forced down by Red fighter planes (TIME, Dec. 17). Hungary rudely ignored Washington's request that the men be released, refused to let them have counsel or see U.S. legation representatives. Before the U.N. in Paris last week, Russia's Andrei Vishinsky piled insult on injury: he branded the U.S. flyers as spies, publicly hoped that they would be punished by "our military and judicial authorities."

Later, Vishinsky took back the "our" as a slip of the tongue. But two days after Vishinsky's speech, his wish came true. The Hungarian government announced that it would bring the U.S. airmen to trial. The charge: "Having with premeditated intention violated the border of Hungary." By putting four servicemen in uniform on trial as spies, the Reds had gone further than they had ever dared before.

Then the Hungarians added their final gesture. Even before the U.S. could wind up to fire another note of protest, a military court in Budapest this week handed down its decision: the four airmen had been tried, found guilty, fined \$30,000 each or three months in jail. Hungary's ransom ring, which had made a lucrative haul in goods for the release of Businessman Robert Vogeler, was down to a simpler racket—barefaced pursuit of hard cash.

THE PRESIDENCY

Hercules Is Unwilling

The mighty man stepped gingerly into the Augean stables, sniffed once and backed out again. Hercules was unwilling, after all. Less than a week after Federal Judge Thomas Murphy let it be understood that he would take on the job of sweeping out the littered corruption of Harry Truman's Administration, he threw up his hands, turned his back on pail and broom.

One big explanation for Tom Murphy's change of heart was apparently the advice of his fellow jurists, among them, the cousins Learned and Augustus Hand of the U.S. court of appeals. They felt that federal judges should not accept administrative jobs without resigning from the bench. More important, Murphy had found out that he would not get the tools he needed for a thorough stable-cleaning; he was to get no powers to subpoena witnesses, or to cite them for contempt if they proved balky. The job had been offered as a pail-and-broom detail, but what Tom Murphy needed was a bulldozer.

Murphy's refusal all but ended Harry

Truman's hope of prompt action against malefactors in government. All week long he had searched in vain for two other cleanup men with the stature and prestige to make the commission an effective weapon against the charges of corruption. Without Tom Murphy, the search would be harder than ever.

It all added up to one of the gloomiest holiday seasons Harry Truman had ever faced. Behind him the rising tide of scandal pressed closer; ahead loomed the steel deadlock, which might bring the sharpest economic crisis of the year. The President ducked his weekly press conference, labored grimly through the week over his messages on the State of the Union and the budget. This week he boarded his plane for a short respite in Independence, a sorely troubled King Augeas, with not a Hercules in sight.



Associated Press
HENRY GRUNEWALD
"Say ah."

INVESTIGATIONS

The Mystery Man

Throughout the House investigation of the Internal Revenue Bureau scandal, one name kept popping up with mysterious regularity. It was the name of Henry Grunewald, a shadowy Washington operator who apparently enjoyed a large and useful set of acquaintances among the influence peddlers. Theron Lamar Caudle, the ousted Assistant Attorney General, testified that it might have been Grunewald who called Chicago Attorney Abraham Teitelbaum and warned him to pay off a tidy item of \$500,000 if he wanted to stay out of income-tax trouble. Charles Oliphant, the resigned Revenue Bureau counsel, admitted that he was a close friend of Grunewald and had talked to him about the Teitelbaum case. Frank Nathan and Bert Naster, the two Florida promoters identified in Teitelbaum's testimony as shakedown agents for a Govern-

ment "clique," were both friends of Grunewald. When Mystery Man Grunewald finally appeared on Capitol Hill last week, the investigators could hardly wait to unravel his fascinating story.

But things went wrong, right from the start. "Why, I've seen that guy around a hundred times," said one waiting photographer. "I thought he was just an expert." Grunewald, a stumpy man with a florid face and a squashed nose, seemed willing enough to talk. His lawyer, however, had different ideas. Mincing around in front of Grunewald was dapper William Power Maloney, who chirruped: "He's not answering any questions." "Say ah," teased a reporter, but Henry wouldn't. Then lawyer and client disappeared into the subcommittee's hearing room.

Out of Order. Maloney fumed and shouted that his man would talk only at an open session, and the closed hearing broke up without a word of testimony from the mystery man. Next day the subcommittee suddenly decided to oblige Lawyer Maloney, and opened the doors. Brooklyn's Democratic Representative Eugene Keogh, substituting for Committee Chairman Cecil King, was armed with a gavel and a special pounding block for the big show. But before five minutes had gone by it was obvious that Maloney, his bluff called, was not going to let Grunewald answer questions even in open session. The lawyer tried to read a statement. Keogh, whamming away with his gavel, shouted: "Mr. Maloney, you're out of order. Mr. Maloney, the subcommittee is not listening to you." Roared Maloney: "I cannot see how you can fail to hear me."

Finally, Keogh agreed that Grunewald might read Maloney's statement. Grunewald fumbled with the pages, read haltingly, without even changing the phrases which referred to "my client." Essence of the statement: Grunewald wasn't going to answer any questions, because the subcommittee had turned itself into a trial court and was judging and convicting defendants without due process of law.

After an hour and 45 minutes of gavel-banging and intermittent bellowing, the subcommittee had the answers to just two questions: 1) Grunewald's name, and 2) his age (59). Grunewald was ordered to appear again in six weeks, and the committee adjourned for the holidays. The groundwork for a contempt-of-Congress citation had been laid, but that procedure might take as long as two years. What the subcommittee needed was Grunewald's testimony, now.

"He's the Boss." Outside the hearing room, Grunewald again was jovially unconcerned. "He's the master mind," he rumbled, pointing at Maloney, "He's the boss." Maloney, glowing victoriously after pushing the subcommittee around, strutted over and demanded: "Now here, do I have to resort to physical violence to keep you shut up?" But client and lawyer did give the press one answer about the Teitelbaum case. It contained sharp references to the fact that Teitelbaum was once Al Capone's lawyer and that a glossy blonde

divorcée named Shyrl B. Menkin, a "family friend," had corroborated Teitelbaum's testimony.

"I never spoke to Teitelbaum by phone or otherwise," Grunewald said. "If he's good enough to pick up the chips for Capone, he's . . ." At that point, Maloney seemed to think his client had said enough, so he finished the sentence: ". . . he's good enough for Mrs. Menkin, I suppose."

The elusive Mr. Grunewald grinned approvably and sauntered off. Nothing about his mysterious activities had been settled. Reporters could not even agree whether or not he talked with a "guttural German accent," like the man who made the threatening call to Attorney Teitelbaum.

The First Mink

A federal grand jury sitting in Washington finally got around to the man who added the mink coat couchant to the escutcheon of the Truman Administration. Indicted for perjury last week was owlish E. Merl Young, an old Missouri friend of Harry Truman, and a former RFC examiner who became a \$60,000-a-year influence peddler in Washington. Indicted with him: Joseph Hirsch Rosenthal, the lawyer who gave Mrs. Laureta Young her famed \$9,450 "natural royal pastel" mink, and two others accused of swinging their weight around the scandal-ridden RFC. Young and the others lied, said the jury, when they denied using their influence with the RFC to line their own pockets with natural royal pastel money.

Two days later, the ax fell on one of the RFC men most susceptible to Merl Young's influential ways. William E. Willett, ousted as an RFC director last February, had slipped back on to the Government payroll as an \$11,800-a-year "specialist" for Under Secretary of the Navy Francis P. Whitehair. When news of Willett's new job leaked out last week (TIME, Dec. 24), Defense Secretary Robert Lovett (who hadn't been told that Willett was drawing a Government check again) demanded his resignation forthwith.

Finished Strong

During its investigation of income-tax collectors, the King committee looked with heavy-breathing suspicion on the affairs of a New York Internal Revenue agent named William H. Dettmer Jr. If he hadn't taken bribes, he was asked, how had he managed, year after year, to make from \$1,300 to \$1,800 more than his Government salary? Dettmer gave the stock answer: he had a system for playing the races. Dettmer was immediately suspended. But last week he was back at work again. The bureau reported, in tones of some admiration, that Dettmer actually did have a slightly unusual system: betting third-money choices at harness tracks to win and place. Rigid investigation disclosed that he had won every nickel of the extra money fair & square in legal parimutuel bets, had duly reported his winnings on his own tax return.

LABOR

Whose Responsibility?

The sky over Washington darkened as the most worrisome problems of U.S. rearmament and inflation flew flapping home to roost. Both the C.I.O. steelworkers and the major U.S. steel plants washed their hands of all responsibility for a strike that was set for New Year's Day. After futile attempts to bring them together, Federal Mediator Cyrus Ching conceded defeat and admitted: "It is the biggest domestic crisis we have or could have."

Barbed Hook. President Phil Murray of the steelworkers was the first to make a ceremonial waiver of responsibility in the complex processes of settlement. He announced that 650,000 steelworkers will quit working after their contract expires on New Year's Eve. Then to make sure

for cover behind the steelmen's laws of economics: any major wage increase would mean an automatic increase in the price of steel, the basic commodity of both phases of a guns & butter economy. Said U.S. Steel: President Bee Fairless: "The nation cannot now afford another general round of substantial wage increases and the higher prices which must inevitably result . . . There should be no wage or price increase at this time."

Stainless-Steel Logic. Fairless' stainless-steel logic somewhat outshone the fact that Big Steel's stand was just as stubborn as Phil Murray's. By refusing to make any counter-offer at all, it was making deadlock inevitable. Furthermore, it left the Government's price controllers with the responsibility for breaking the dike against inflation, if it is to be broken.

Mediator Ching listened for eight hours



U.S. STEEL'S STEPHENS, MEDIATOR CHING, C.I.O.'S MURRAY
The obligation: keep working.

Associated Press

that he was shorn of any obligation in the crisis, he got his policy committee to strip him of his powers to call off a strike until a 2,500-delegate convention meets in Atlantic City—three days after the strike deadline. Thus, an aging Ulysses in perilous waters, he had himself bound to the mast and tried to make it clear that Big Steel will be shut down for at least a week if there is no wage settlement.

For its part, Big Steel sewed its lips. It flatly refused—as it has since negotiations began a month ago—to make any counter-offers to Murray's demands, variously estimated at 30¢ to 50¢-an-hour increase per worker.* Instead, Steel ducked tidily

to the spokesmen of both sides—Phil Murray and U.S. Steel's Vice President John A. Stephens—then turned it all over to Harry Truman. The President bucked it on to the Wage Stabilization Board, and asked both sides to keep production going until the board hands down its recommendations. Said Harry Truman in a voice whetted to cut Phil Murray's bonds: "The immediate obligation on the steelworkers is to decide to remain at work . . . The union members and their leaders, and the managers of the steel companies, have a responsibility to defend the U.S. against its enemies just as I do."

Big Bill Retires

Through three turbulent decades of labor history, Big Bill Hutchens has been as unchanging a symbol of U.S. labor as the claw-hammer and the cross-cut saw. Through old and New Deal, his faith in old grass-roots Republicanism never wavered, and his ruthless dictatorship over

* Phil Murray does not believe in the escalator clause (which links pay scales to the cost of living) because it can go both ways. If he did, steelworkers would have got an automatic wage boost along with 1,250,000 railroad workers last week, when the cost of living shot to an all-time high. It was up .8% in November to 189.3% of the 1935-39 period.

the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America never faltered.

Last week Big Bill Hutcheson, bald, ruddy, bejeweled and 77, summoned reporters to his fourth-floor offices in the yellow brick headquarters in Indianapolis. He met them in his shirt sleeves, and announced that he was feeling as fit as ever. But he could feel a few twinges that told him "old age is creeping up." Therefore, he had decided to give up the presidency he had occupied since 1915. Then, in a fitting climax to his roaring, dictatorial career, he announced the founding of U.S. labor's first big-time dynasty. His suc-



Acme

BILL HUTCHESON
After three decades ...

cessor: son Maurice Hutcheson, 54, the carpenters' first vice president.

Walking Delegate. Big Bill Hutcheson first swaggered out of the Michigan woods in 1902 to join up with the old A.F.L. carpenters' union and go to work in nearby Midland at 20¢ an hour. A bull-shouldered 220-pounder, he soon bruised and fought his way into local prominence, four years later got a job as walking delegate, or business agent, of the carpenters' local. His full-time job was to patrol building jobs, call strikes when necessary and keep a sharp watch on employers. He also kept a sharp watch on union politics, got himself named as a delegate to the 1910 national convention. By 1915 he had fought his way to the presidency, had joined the Odd Fellows, the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, the Masons (York and Scottish rites) and Indianapolis' Highland Golf & Country Club.

Once in office, he made it clear that he intended to stay there for life. He was ruthless with rivals. When a rebellion flared in the 1920s, he expelled the opposition leader and his entire local. In 1916, Big Bill settled a strike over the heads of 17,000 New York carpenters with a contract less favorable than one the employ-

ers had already conceded. When the carpenters protested, Hutcheson suspended 65 of their locals, and barred their delegates from the convention by putting cops at the door.

Evil Influence. Big Bill was never a stickler for the rules of labor etiquette. He never boggled when one of his agents, Robert Brindell, turned to full-scale labor racketeering in New York, sold "strike insurance" to contractors, peddled "privilege to work" cards to non-unionists, and cleared a cool million dollars. Brindell ultimately was jailed for extortion after a special state investigation. Investigator Samuel Untermeyer formally urged the A.F.L. convention of 1922 to get rid of "Brindell's cronies," Hutcheson, who has been an evil influence."

But the A.F.L. was too busy fending off Big Bill's savage jurisdictional attacks on rival unions. He revised the carpenters' constitution to admit any member with the remotest connection with a hammer and nails, e.g., ship caulkers, floor layers, furniture workers, and millwrights. He waded happily into the carpenters' ancient fight with metal workers over who should install metal trimming. When the Building Trades Council suspended the carpenters, Hutcheson roared: "The Brotherhood is not looking for a fight, but if they have to fight . . . the sooner it is started the sooner it will be over." It ended in a settlement in 1928, and Big Bill won most of the points.

Until he cooled slightly on the G.O.P.'s congressional leaders after the Taft-Hartley Act, Big Bill also kept the pot boiling as the champion of Republicanism in labor. He was chairman of the Hoover and Landon labor committees, was mentioned in 1944 as a possible Republican vice-presidential candidate. A good twenty-five years ago, he revised the Brotherhood's entrance ritual to exclude Communists.

Tight Monopoly. Over the years, Big Bill's sledge-hammer tactics raised carpenters' wages (current range: \$1.75 to \$3 per hour) and got them jobs they might otherwise have lost to rival trades. He clung with fierce determination to the tight little monopoly of the A.F.L.'s building-trade unions; he restricted membership, encouraged feather-bedding, refused to recognize new building methods and materials. But during the Depression, he lost thousands of members to the C.I.O., did not recoup his losses until the boom years of World War II.

Hutcheson will leave his 803,000 carpenters with an antiquated \$15-a-month pension system and a treasury worth \$15 million. He also leaves his pet project, a luxurious \$4,000,000 home for retired carpenters at Lakeland, Fla. The home was finished in 1928 on Big Bill's private whim, cost each carpenter an assessment of \$6, now houses only 350 retired members, who are too feeble to play much golf on the adjoining Hutcheson golf links. Near by is Big Bill's own private residence where, in fitting surroundings, he plans to spend the winters of his retirement.

WELFARE

Caught in the Dole

When Esther Clark first walked into the state welfare office at Tulsa back in 1942, there was no doubt that she was in real need of help. Her husband, John Clark, a junk-yard laborer, was earning next to nothing, and they had six children to support. To tide the family over, the state began giving \$90 a month to Esther Clark for the support of their three young children.

John Clark's emergency was not permanent. He got a new job at \$75 a week, and promptly informed the state that he was earning enough to take care of the house and the groceries. But still the monthly checks kept coming. Flourishing in the new prosperity, Esther Clark began constructing a life of her own on the proceeds. She took up horseback riding, bought a saddle and boots and, finally, a horse for herself. Envious friends frequently observed her cantering nonchalantly around the Tulsa fairgrounds.

There seemed to be nothing John Clark could do about it. He tried again to stop the relief checks, this time at the county clerk's office. "I told them I was making good money," he said, "and warned them they were breaking up my home by giving my wife that check for \$90 every month." But the welfare office stood fast, told John Clark: "It is hard to get on the relief



Associated Press

MAURICE HUTCHESON

... a new dynasty.

rolls and just as hard to get off." The family arguments about all that spare money finally got so bad that John and Esther Clark were divorced in 1947.

Last week, in a court dispute over the custody of their children, John Clark, 51, made his old predicament public. Called into Tulsa district court to explain, state relief authorities admitted keeping up the payments for four years over Clark's ob-

jections. Their excuse: the Clarks were quarreling at the time and the situation was "extremely confused." Esther Clark in her turn admitted having purchased the horse out of her relief checks. But, she hastened to add, the riding boots were secondhand.

Locking the barn after the horse had been bought, District Judge Elmer Adams gave Clark custody of his two oldest children, ordered him to give his ex-wife \$50 a month for the support of the others. John Clark, who has remarried and gone back to the junk yard at \$43 a week, had had about enough of officialdom. He would go to jail, he declared, rather than pay the court's assessments.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Sorry, Mrs. Shipley

Although he was confined to a Reno hospital bed last week, Nevada's blustering Senator Pat McCarran still managed—somewhat like the Queen Elizabeth whistling in drydock—to issue a blast at the State Department. At first glance, it seemed fairly routine: the Senator noted with alarm that 18 leftist U.S. labor leaders got visas for England, France and Italy last spring and then went blithely on to Moscow, took part in the Reds' May Day ceremonies and issued anti-American propaganda.

But Pat McCarran did not stop there. Passports, he made clear, should have been denied all 18. "While our boys fight Communism in Korea," he roared, "our State Department lets the enemy's civilian agents move at will between here and Moscow." This was a direct slap at a respected State Department functionary named Mrs. Ruth B. Shipley. Washington politicos reacted with the same horrified fascination they might have felt if the Senator had kicked a baby—or criticized J. Edgar Hoover.

"*Wonderful Ogre!*" Though the State Department is an enticing target to all Congressmen, Mrs. Shipley, head of its passport division, is the most invulnerable, most unfirable, most feared and most admired career woman in Government. Starting as a \$1,200-a-year State Department clerk in 1914, she graduated to her present post in 1928. She brought with her a sharp insight into bureaucracy and the ways of bureaucrats. Her division grew amazingly (it now has 240 employees, six branch offices, has issued and renewed over 250,000 passports this year), and yearly worked wonders of economy and speedy service.

Both benign and autocratic, Ruth Shipley runs her big job—issuing or denying passports to all U.S. travelers, controlling the destinies of 430,000 U.S. citizens abroad—with almost terrifying efficiency and dispatch. Franklin Roosevelt once fondly called her the State Department's "wonderful ogre." For the thousands of troubled U.S. citizens she has helped—servicemen's wives, harried businessmen, hard-pressed students—she is nothing short of wonderful. Her most famous ex-

ploit: recovering 300 U.S. passports, first issued to members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, and reported lost in battle in the Spanish Civil War. Mrs. Shipley correctly guessed that the passports would turn up in Communist hands, and eventually got most of them back for cancellation.

Preposterous Charge. Congress finds the Shipley operation an awesome example of administrative efficiency. She resists political pressure with a rocklike stubbornness—she once told an Administration big shot: "You can fire me, but you can't make me issue a passport to the wrong person." But at the same time, she invariably gives Congressmen rapid-fire service when they ask it for worthy constituents.

When she read Senator McCarran's blast last week, Mrs. Shipley knew just



what to say: "Preposterous!" That was all that was needed. "I want to make it abundantly clear," an aghast Pat McCarran cried the next day, "that the laxity . . . is not chargeable against [Mrs. Shipley] the chief of the passport division. It is apparent that [she] has simply not had the cooperation of the topflight officials of the department."

NEW YORK

The Rains Came

Attorney Hermann Gottfried of Maretville, N.Y., stood outside an upstate bus rest stop one day last week, desperately trying to thumb a ride, while his bus careened off toward New York City carrying his Gladstone bag with it. A motorist picked him up, the bus company held the bag at the Manhattan terminal, and Gottfried arrived in New York City's Municipal Building right on deadline. There he opened his bag and dumped out its con-

tents: 117 claims demanding a total of \$1,500,000 from the City of New York for the rain-making experiments it conducted last year in the Catskill Mountains. The charges: "trespass" and "damages to real and personal property."

DISASTERS

"This Is a Bad One"

At 7:30 p.m., miners in the deep galleries of Illinois' New Orient Coal Mine No. 2 froze in their tracks, stood staring and listening in the dark. Their ears felt clogged by a sudden compression of air. Wind touched their faces. Some heard a low, distant rumbling and a rattle of doors. That was all. They began to run, heading for the 535-ft. elevator shaft which was their first hope of escape.

As they converged on it, the choking breath of disaster caught them. Heat, smoke and blinding eddies of thick coal dust were blowing out of two long tunnels named Old Main North and New Main North. The walls and ceilings seemed to press in, and the miners clung to each other as they fumbled desperately along. They retched and gasped. In the murk, some met a pitiful few who had lived to walk, bruised and dazed, out of the areas near the blast.

Vigil in the Washhouse. Stumbling, black-faced, from the elevator to the safety of the concrete washhouse, most said only: "This is a bad one." In nearby West Frankfort (pop. 11,251), the news spread fast. In the high-school gymnasium, the loudspeaker broke urgently through the cheers of the basketball fans: "Dr. Barnett, please report to the New Orient mine." Within minutes, the gym was emptying and scores of automobiles were heading past West Frankfort's bright blaze of Christmas lights to Illinois Highway 37 and the turnoff to the mine.

As night wore on, state police set up roadblocks, and stopped cars to allow free access to ambulances, and mine-rescue crews. Visitors were turned back. But West Frankfort's terrified wives and mothers simply left the road, climbed fences, and walked across frozen fields. Some wore only nightgowns, slippers and coats. Some brought children. They walked into the cold, barren-walled washhouse, silent and white-faced. They looked up at their men's street clothes, hanging from ceiling ropes. They waited.

Checkup Below Ground. In the Southern Illinois fields, New Orient No. 2, operated by the Chicago, Wilmington & Franklin Coal Co., was known as a safe mine. It had killed men in explosions before, but relatively small accidents, in the philosophy of the miner, are inevitable. It was modern, mechanized, efficient—and huge: the biggest shaft coal mine in the world. Its twelve miles of tunnels produced record yields of bituminous coal: 15,385 tons in one eight-hour shift.

A state mine inspector had finished a seven-day checkup of the whole mine only nine days before the blast. And at 6

o'clock, an hour and a half before the explosion, it had been checked again and pronounced free of gas. The 218-man night shift, the last miners scheduled to work before Christmas, had gone underground in high spirits. But somehow, the dangerous, odorless methane gas had collected. At 7:30, its explosion turned miles of tunnel into wreckage.

Rescue crews, who went back into the smoke and dust with oxygen masks were appalled at what they found. Miles of track lay twisted and ripped from its bed. Heavy loading machines and steel pit cars were overturned. Miles of telephone and power lines were out. Worse, fire was smoldering in the blasted entries and ventilation systems had been knocked out. At best count, 113 men had got to the surface after the explosion. Many of the 105 missing had been working at least

FOREIGN RELATIONS

U.S. Ambassadors

The U.S. has 59 ambassadors and twelve ministers accredited to the world's sovereign nations. To those nations, the face and voice of each ambassador is the voice and face of the U.S.

The faces and voices are important, though not as important as they used to be. A hundred years ago, when new instructions had to wait for the next packet, an ambassador had to make major decisions on the spot. Today, a diplomat's freedom of action is no greater than his distance from a Teletype. But if the words he speaks are not his own, the manner of his speaking and the energy or tact of his delivery can make a notable difference.

U.S. ambassadors do more than talk to foreign ministers. They are also public-

in Ethiopia) writes novels and histories under a pseudonym (Henry Filmer), and carries an enormous private library with him wherever he goes.

Some typical career men:

James Clement Dunn, 60, U.S. Ambassador to Italy since 1946. Slim, impeccably tailored, a conservative, wealthy man (his wife is the former Mary Armour of the meat-packing clan), he has been in the State Department for 33 years, has served as assistant to three Secretaries of State, as chief of the Division of European Affairs. Born in Newark, N.J., he became a practicing architect before entering the State Department as a clerk. Dunn's main job has been to keep Italy from falling under Communist control, by cajoling, chivying and maneuvering the Italian government, without laying himself open to charges of interference. One push in the



CAFFERY



FEURIFOY
From professionals: compromise, caution and painstaking patience.



DUNN



DONNELLY

two miles from the elevator shaft down the wrecked entries.

Bodies in the Gym. Rescuers brought only bad news to the surface: New Orient No. 2 was the worst U.S. mine disaster since the explosion at Centralia No. 5, which killed 111 miners in March 1947.²⁵ At week's end, 62 blanket-covered bodies had been carried out of the elevator, past weeping women, to ambulances. Barring a miracle, there would be 43 more.

The day after the explosion, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* charged that the mine management had ignored advice from two federal mine inspectors that abandoned mine workings should either be sealed or ventilated, and that the air used for ventilating them should not be distributed to the rest of the mine. Mine Superintendent John R. Foster hotly insisted that "these are [both] strictly controversial matters."

West Frankfort was not listening to the sound of argument. On Christmas Eve, 1951, it devoted itself to the dead, who waited on tarpaulin sheets on the floor of the junior high-school gymnasium, to be recognized and bidden farewell.

relations men with a whole nation for a client. They make speeches, inspect public works, judge flower shows, organize charities. They talk to labor leaders, opposition politicians, businessmen. And while they talk, they listen. For the other side of their job is to be the U.S.'s eyes & ears. On their reading of tempers and political moods Washington bases much of its timing and many of its decisions.

Who are these men who speak, look and listen for 155 million Americans? Most are career diplomats, painstaking, patient men who have come up the long ladder through minor embassy jobs to their final rewards. The typical career diplomat was born on the Eastern seaboard and graduated from an Ivy League college (though the younger, rising generation is more scattered in origin and education). His training makes him an observer rather than a doer, a compromiser rather than a man of decision. Only a rare few have private means of their own, and except in the very biggest missions, riches are no longer a prerequisite.

The career men are generally quiet men, and inclined to be scholarly. One (W. Walton Butterworth, in Sweden) is a Rhodes Scholar; another (J. Rives Childs,

other direction, appreciated by Italians: his efforts to get the terms of the Italian peace treaty relaxed. An indefatigable salesman for the U.S., Dunn is always on hand to dedicate a new bridge built by ECA funds, to present a shipload of toys from the American Legion, or a snow plow from the citizens of Jersey City to an Alpine village.

Walter J. Donnelly, 55, rated the ablest career man in the Latin American Division until Secretary of State Acheson snatched him away to become U.S. High Commissioner and Minister (now Ambassador) to Austria. Donnelly, an economist in his own right, has brought order to Austria's U.S. zone by insisting on paramount authority over ECA matters, and has managed his dual role of conqueror and ambassador with great tact. As one of the High Commissioners, his word is law, but as ambassador, he is careful always to call on Chancellor Figg instead of insisting (as do the Russians) on the Austrians coming to him. The son of a New Haven policeman, he married a Colombian aristocrat, and is a passionate baseball fan. Austrians appreciate his able presentation of their views in Washington.

Jefferson Caffery, 65, dean of the U.S. Foreign Service, as he has been a head of

²⁵ The worst in U.S. history: the 1907 Monongah, W. Va. disaster. Dead: 361.

mission since 1926. Currently Ambassador to Egypt, he is a terse, taciturn autocrat who seems a little tired and jaded. Asked recently what U.S. policy should be in the bubbling Middle East, he rubbed his face and said: "I think the best thing we can do is try to get these people all over the Middle East to calm down." Last spring he assured a reporter that things were looking quieter—the Aga Khan had told him so. "The Aga always tells me about conditions when he's in town," explained Caffery.

¶ **John E. Peurifoy**, Ambassador to Greece and one of the younger (44) and rising State Department officers. A South Carolinian with a politician's big smile and a knack of slapping backs without being offensive, Peurifoy is considered ideally suited to the politically minded Greeks. Under Peurifoy, the feuds be-

Some typical political appointees: ¶ **Walter Gifford**, 66, now U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, former board chairman of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Born in Salem, Mass., he is a self-made man who began as a clerk, rose to the presidency of A. T. & T. by the time he was 40. Quiet and retiring, he is a veteran of wartime posts in government consulting agencies, served as the first U.S. relief administrator under President Herbert Hoover during the depression. A Republican, he was picked with State Department concurrence. Though by inclination he avoids entertaining, he has studiously cultivated British ministers, has doggedly applied himself to learning the embassy's ropes. As a good-will ambassador to the British public, Gifford is not as effective as his predecessor, Lewis Douglas, since he is a

missionary. But gregarious Bill O'Dwyer has become the most popular ambassador the U.S. ever had in Mexico. Mexicans like him because he speaks Spanish and because his wife is pretty. The O'Dwyers are enormously popular, entertain widely, and get around. He has a nice instinct for handling prideful Mexicans and a politician's feel for public relations. During an inspection trip to the Falcon Dam on the Rio Grande, a joint project of both nations, O'Dwyer said only: "One Falcon Dam is worth 1,000 speeches"—and was quoted all over Mexico. As a broad-minded politician, he gets on well with Mexico's broad-minded politicians. When O'Dwyer was being grilled by the Keefauver committee last spring, President Alemán sent his personal plane to bring O'Dwyer back to Mexico.

¶ **David K. E. Bruce**, 53, now U.S.



O'DWYER



BRUCE



GIFFORD



ANDERSON

From amateurs: action, experience and popularity.

tween ECA, the military mission and the embassy have disappeared. He has managed to get the Greek Parliament to pass all the important enabling legislation ECA needed.

More than a third of the U.S.'s ambassadors are not career men but political appointees. Some of them have risen to the top of their professions. They are men of action, and sometimes get closer to the foreign men of action with whom they deal. In nations where the U.S. has large economic or military commitments, they are frequently better equipped by experience than the professional diplomats.

The Foreign Service could probably produce no one who would be quite as popular as Eugenie Anderson with the Danes or Chester Bowles with the Indians. In Liberia, Edward R. Dudley, a New York Negro lawyer and faithful Democrat, deals ably with the government, fishes with the Foreign Minister and amiably squats on his heels to beat time to jungle tom-toms. In Australia, ex-Congressman Pete ("Call Me Pete") Jarman bothers the State Department with his lack of professional competence, and obviously has to restrain himself from kissing every baby in the streets of Canberra, but does no serious harm.

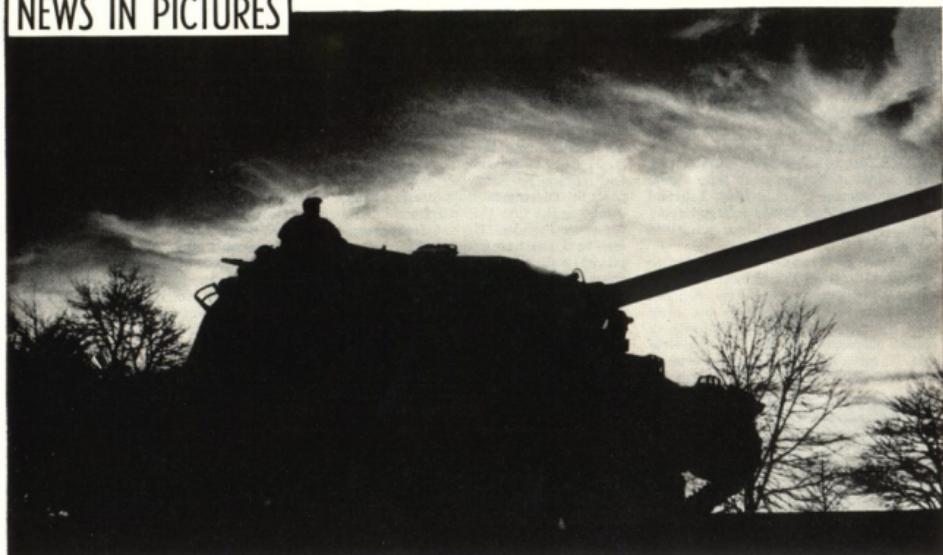
poor speaker and dislikes public appearances. State considers that Gifford is doing a sound, if unspectacular, job.

¶ **Helen Eugenie Moore Anderson**, 42, Democratic National Committeewoman from Minnesota until Truman appointed her Ambassador to Denmark. The daughter of a Methodist preacher, Mrs. Anderson, is unassuming, friendly and frank, has charmed the Danes with her unfeigned democracy and by learning their language. She is married to John Pierce Anderson, a retired artist and photographer who is one of the heirs to the Puffed Wheat fortune. Energetic Mrs. Anderson was a leader in Americans for Democratic Action, helped carry Minnesota for Harry Truman in 1948. She won the Danes soon after her arrival when she invited all the plasterers, painters and carpenters who had redecorated her official residence to the housewarming. The more complex diplomatic chores are carried out by her staff of career men, but Eugenie Anderson does a fine job of public relations, and helped convert the Danes from neutrality to alignment with the West.

¶ **William O'Dwyer**, 61, ex-mayor of New York City, privately deplored by the State Department when Truman abruptly appointed him Ambassador to Mexico in 1950. But gregarious Bill O'Dwyer has become the most popular ambassador the U.S. ever had in Mexico. Mexicans like him because he speaks Spanish and because his wife is pretty. The O'Dwyers are enormously popular, entertain widely, and get around. He has a nice instinct for handling prideful Mexicans and a politician's feel for public relations. During an inspection trip to the Falcon Dam on the Rio Grande, a joint project of both nations, O'Dwyer said only: "One Falcon Dam is worth 1,000 speeches"—and was quoted all over Mexico. As a broad-minded politician, he gets on well with Mexico's broad-minded politicians. When O'Dwyer was being grilled by the Keefauver committee last spring, President Alemán sent his personal plane to bring O'Dwyer back to Mexico.

With a politician's touch, he gets on superbly with France's politicians. He speaks perfect French, owns a trained musical ear, an art connoisseur's eye, and a winetaster's palate (*the Chevaliers du Tastevin*, a group of winebibbers sworn never to let water pass their lips, have elected him grand master). With the help of his pretty second wife, he entertains prodigiously (one Fourth of July reception cost as much as the entire official entertainment allowance for the year). Like London, Paris is a clearinghouse for U.S. economic and military aid to Europe (ECA, NATO, SHAPE), and Bruce is at a pivotal place.

NEWS IN PICTURES



MIGHTIEST U.S. TANK, armed with 120-mm. cannon, the T-43 is shown for the first time, silhouetted to hide details; designed to

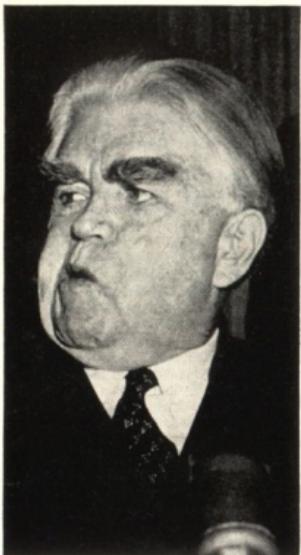
meet the challenge of Russia's whopping 57-ton Joseph Stalin III, the new U.S. monster will be made at Chrysler Delaware Arsenal. International



AVERAGE AMERICAN: Robert Rehm of Levittown, N.Y., who has a \$3,000-a-year semiskilled job, two kids and a mortgaged home, fits Census Bureau specifications to a T.



KOREAN "HANS BRINKERS," wanting something better as kids always do, seized a



Associated Press
JOHN L. LEWIS, in best mugging form, told world he would back C.I.O. steel strike.



Department of Defense
GAS TURBINED HELICOPTER, tested by Navy at Bradley Field, Conn., is powered by new 200-lb. Boeing engine, which halves weight of piston engine, can run on kerosene.



Associated Press
chance to have some fun during truce talks, fashioned metal platforms with double runners and went skating on a frozen rice paddy near the front line.



Associated Press
OLD SOLDIER: Marshal von Rundstedt's 76th birthday portrait marked anniversary of Battle of the Bulge.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

The Prisoners

Every month since the treacherous North Korean attack on South Korea, the International Red Cross has politely asked the Communists for permission to inspect their prison camps. The Communists ignored the requests. Last week, when the Reds handed over their lists of U.N. prisoners at Panmunjom (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), no one on the U.N. side knew what to expect.

The Red lists were rushed by helicopter to the U.N. "peace camp" at Munsan, where a special Eighth Army casualty team began mimeographing 30 copies. The work was finished at 1 a.m. By priority radio, the Eighth Army flashed the lists into the Pentagon in Washington.

They contained 11,559 names—3,198 Americans, 1,219 other non-Koreans, 7,142 South Koreans. At General Ridgway's Tokyo headquarters, personnel clerks checking the U.S. names against their own records were impressed by the Communists' accuracy. Clerical errors ran to less than 1%.

Expectancies & Discrepancies. The U.S. names accounted for about 30% of the 11,042 Americans reported missing in action up to Dec. 12. This was a disappointing percentage compared to World War II, when 77% of all those ever reported as missing were recovered as prisoners. Most of those unaccounted for are assumed to have been killed. Some small number, cut off behind Communist lines, may have died of cold, hunger, wounds, disease; some were undoubtedly murdered; some undoubtedly died in the prison camps; some may be still alive. The British were delighted that 919 British names—out of some 1,100 reported missing—appeared on the lists. The South Koreans were shocked by more than 80,000 of their nationals unaccounted for. Although a large number of these are probably dead, other large numbers may have been impressed into the Red armies.

Some discrepancies troubled the U.S. Sixty-six U.S. names which appeared on a list of 110 furnished to the Red Cross in August and September 1950 by the Communists were not on last week's roster. In August, Russia's ineffectual Jacob Malik had mentioned the names of 38 U.S. prisoners who, he said, had signed an end-war appeal. Of these, only ten were on the list.

Ten for One. U.S. commanders were also worried by the condition of the more than 3,000 U.S. prisoners in Red stockades scattered from Pyongyang to the Yalu. By radio, Matt Ridgway dispatched a personal appeal to North Korea's Kim Il Sung and Red China's Peng Teh-huai that they start permitting Red Cross inspection at once, as the U.N. has been doing all along. The U.N. subcommittee men at Panmunjom asked that sick and wounded prisoners be exchanged at once.

The Reds promised to think it over. They are demanding an all-for-all trade of prisoners, though the U.N. has captured ten times as many as they.

From the U.N., the Reds at Panmunjom got a list of Communist prisoners which was said to total 132,474 names. This compendium, typed on both sides of 2,000 sheets of paper, stood a foot high on the conference table. The Reds objected because the list was written in phonetic English.* "A pile of rubbish," they called it. The objection was odd, for the Communists had been furnished with lists of their prisoners all along through the Red Cross, and had never previously registered a complaint. Nevertheless the U.N. agreed to translate the whole list into Korean and Chinese characters.



Carl Mydans—Life
WILLIAM F. DEAN
A last bullet for himself.

Two days after Christmas the 30-day deadline on the tentative cease-fire line ends. The last chance of peace before the deadline seemed to have flickered out. But, so long as progress continues (even at the rate of two steps forward, one step back) the U.N. appeared willing to extend the deadline.

MEN AT WAR

The Dean Story

In July 1950, after one disastrous month of war, the South Korean army was shattered and demoralized; only elements of the U.S. 24th Division stood in the path of the Communists to Pusan and the sea. The American plan at that time was not to stop the Reds cold; that was

* According to the Geneva Convention, lists of war prisoners can be drawn up in the language of the captor country.

impossible. The plan, drawn by Douglas MacArthur, was to slow them down by forcing them to deploy. That mission was entrusted to Major General William F. Dean, who had risen to be a division commander in the European theater of World War II. The mission was accomplished.

Dean was last heard from on the northern outskirts of Taejon. A survivor heard him say: "I just got me a Red tank." After the city fell, Dean's helmet liner was found in a rice paddy.

Last week his name turned up on the Communist list of U.N. prisoners, and this week Wilfred Burchett, Australian-born correspondent for the Paris Communist daily *Ce Soir*, told allied newsmen that he had interviewed Dean only a few days earlier, in a Red prison camp at Pyongyang. They had talked for three hours over drinks of gin. Burchett relayed Dean's story:

The Sound of Water. When he got back from the north part of Taejon, Dean found himself cut off. He also found some men taking shelter from Red fire under a truck. They wanted to surrender, but Dean persuaded them to make a break for it. All could walk except one man. Exhausted and thirsty, Dean and another man took turns carrying him. When Dean heard the sound of running water by the road, he tried to find it, fell down a steep bank, hurt his shoulder, lost consciousness. When he woke up, he was alone.

Soon he ran across another U.S. officer, and they stayed together for a while, trying to get back to U.N. forces, now pulling back into the Pusan beachhead. One night, Dean and the other officer fought their way out of a surrounded house, Dean in the lead with his automatic. The general crawled to safety through fields and paddies. He never saw the other officer after that.

The Trap. For 20 days he found nothing to eat at all. His weight went down from 190 lbs. to 130. "My arms were sticks, my legs were sticks," he said. "I looked like Mahatma Gandhi." He had twelve cartridges left for his pistol, and he kept them clean and shiny. He was determined, he told Communist Burchett, to use eleven bullets to kill Reds, the last on himself.

Finally he fell in with two Koreans who promised to lead him to safety. But they betrayed him and led him into a trap. When he saw the enemy soldiers, he raised his pistol to fire, but one of his betrayers struck down his hand. He was so weak that he was soon overpowered.

Burchett said that although Dean had been very sick, he was in good health last week and had regained all but ten pounds of his normal weight. He was living in a two-room underground apartment at the prison camp, wearing a neat pin-stripe suit, playing Korean chess with his guard. General Dean still did not know that he had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the first to be won in Korea.

INTERNATIONAL

UNITED NATIONS Laughter, Anger & Defeat

The volatile Mr. Vishinsky, a man of many faces, this time wore his favorite mask: rage. Gone was the disastrous mocking of his "unable to sleep for laughing" attack on the West's disarmament plan. Last week, before the U.N. General Assembly's Political and Security Committee, he was the angry prosecutor. He asked the U.N. to condemn as "aggressive" the U.S. Mutual Security Act, which allocates \$100,000,000 to mobilize Iron Curtain escapees into military units. The U.S., shouted Vishinsky, is planning to set up an army of "criminals and war criminals" to overthrow the Soviet Union. "No force on earth will be able to overthrow the Kremlin," he said. "It would be a ludicrous, preposterous attempt. Your tanks cannot stand up against our tanks, your guns cannot stand against our guns, your fighters cannot stand against our fighters."

Vishinsky cited the case of four U.S. flyers downed in Hungary last month (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) as evidence that the U.S. is trying to "subvert" Communist Eastern Europe. Bouncing in his seat, he waved his arms so wildly that British Minister of State Selwyn Lloyd had to keep ducking his head to avoid being hit.

But Vishinsky's ire got no further than his laughter. The Political Committee rejected his complaint, by 39 votes to 5. The U.N. recessed for Christmas, after six weeks of debate. Vishinsky, returning to Moscow, bore few fruits of victory to present to Stalin. Key U.N. votes:

¶ For the establishment of a disarmament commission to press the West's instead of Russia's disarmament proposals (44 votes to 5).

¶ For creation of a U.N. commission to look into the chances of holding free elections in both halves of Germany, 45 to 6. The Russians say the commission is "illegal," don't want it in East Germany.

¶ For election of Greece, ardently sponsored by the U.S., to a seat on the Security Council originally reserved for a Russian satellite. This was a major defeat for Moscow, whose candidate Byelorussia at first seemed certain of election.

WESTERN EUROPE

Guilt Forgiven

Last week, eight years after the defeat of Mussolini, Italy's role as an Axis aggressor was formally forgiven by a majority of her former enemies and present friends. By a simple declaration, the U.S., Britain, France and seven other nations annulled 29 clauses of the 1947 peace treaty, including the clause that indicted Italy for its war guilt. Also abandoned were the clauses that limited Italy's army to 250,000 men, its navy to 25,000 sailors and a handful of warships, its air force to 350 planes, its cavalry to 200 tanks, its

ordnance to non-atomic weapons. With U.S. aid, Italy is now expected to develop sizable air force and tank units.

The decision was sure to bring a protest from Russia & Co. against "unilateral treaty revision." In reply, the West would simply point to Russia's own little buildup of the armed forces of such ex-enemy nations as Hungary, Rumania and East Germany in defiance of treaties.

THE NATIONS Four Miles Out

One of the muddiest expanses in the illcharted sea of international law is the question of territorial waters—the extent to which a coastal nation controls the sea around it. Some nations, e.g., Spain, Italy,



© Muller

VISHINSKY
Bearing few gifts.

Iran, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Brazil, claim a six-mile limit; others, e.g., the Scandinavians, claim four. Most countries accept the limit of three marine miles, a tradition that goes back to the 18th Century, when a good cannon on the shore could heave a ball three miles to sea.* But many governments have added qualifications which extend their claims beyond three miles, and they never have been able to agree on where the measuring begins. Some measure by the high-water mark, others low-water; others begin at a depth where the waters cease to be navigable.

For centuries British and Norwegian diplomats have politely quarreled over British fishing boats which sailed north to scoop cod out of the fish-rich "underwater terraces" off Norway. Early in the 17th

* Known either as Bykerseck's rule, for its proponent, Dutch Jurist Cornelius van Bykerseck (1673-1743), or as the cannon-fire rule.

Century, King Christian IV put a lengthy stop to it with a heated protest to London, but early this century British fishing boats again edged into the shallow waters, which Norway claimed fell within her four-mile limit. When the Norwegian protests didn't work, they began seizing British trawlers and fining their masters.

Last week, petitioned by the British, the International Court of Justice at The Hague handed down a ruling on this vexing issue. Britain argued that the proper way to measure four miles out is to follow the contours of the coast, bending the territorial limit like a ribbon shaped to the mainland's contour. Under that system, a goodly part of the waters fished by British trawlers would be open sea free to all comers. The Norwegians argued for their own system, which measures the four-mile zone from lines drawn between the outermost land points and rocks along her sawtoothed coast. It would be utterly ridiculous, the Norwegians contended, to try to figure out a four-mile limit based on their coastline and even worse to attempt to police it.

The court's verdict (ten judges to two): Norway is right. The defeated British indicated that they would salvage some satisfaction by using the same measuring stick for their fishing grounds off the ragged coasts of Scotland, where Norwegian trawlers fish. Unlike Norway, they may have trouble proving that their claim has been shored up by what the international court calls "constant and sufficiently long practice."

Icy Exchange

A German dockworker peered through the drizzly fog that hung over the North Sea port of Bremerhaven last week and muttered: "Da kommen die Schweine" [There come the swine]. Out of the mist lumbered two sharp-prowed, 6,500-ton icebreakers wearing huge Soviet flags on their sterns and the painted-over names "Northwind" and "Westwind" on their bows. Six years after the U.S. had lend-leased these \$10,000,000 vessels to its wartime ally, the Russians handed them back, somewhat the worse for wear and well dappled with rust.

At the height of the U.S.-Soviet honeymoon, Washington lend-leased 710 vessels to the Soviets (585 naval, 96 merchant, 29 small craft). As the relationship chilled into cold war, the U.S. began demanding their return. To date, only 39 (including the icebreakers) have come back; 670 are still owed; one was lost.

The scene between the two at the dockside was as cold as any ice the breakers ever faced. Up to virtually the last minute, the Reds had refused to give their estimated time of arrival. Once in, they parleyed half the night over the exchange, then hauled down their flags and stiffly marched aboard an accompanying Russian ship for the trip home. But they did give up the ships.

FOREIGN NEWS

IRON CURTAIN

"The Big Year"

While NATO has been building up an army in Europe,⁶ what has the Red army been doing? Reports from behind the Iron Curtain to TIME's correspondents in Berlin, Bonn, Munich and Vienna add up to this answer: Russia is standing pat on its 450,000 *soldaty*, keeping them in top fettle, making no moves that directly indicate offensive intentions.

Russia's 400,000 troops in Germany have gone back to their barracks after the annual lengthy summer and fall maneuvers. The maneuvers, for outfits up to divisions in strength, concentrated on river crossings—both offensive and retreating. Troops are rotated constantly, to bring in new hands, and possibly to keep the oldtimers from being contaminated by the West; the last of Russia's veterans of World War II are now going home, and are being replaced by tough teen-agers from the Soviet Union. In recent months the Russians have shifted their troop concentrations to Thuringia, southwest corner of the Soviet zone, to counter growing U.S. strength across the border.

In Austria, Red army strength remains at 50,000. There are still no signs of Soviet troop concentrations in Czechoslovakia, but the Russians there have been working on an experiment: landing MiGs, which have wide, tough undercarriages and soft tires, on sod fields. If it works, and plain fields turn out to be usable as jet airports, the Soviet potential for striking out suddenly from hundreds of places would be immeasurably increased. Airfields are being strengthened, but there are few indications of extensive rail and road building, the kind that would be necessary for a long, sustained war, as distinct from a quick blitz. Western intelligence officers regard 1952 as "the big year" of supreme tension, but the cautious bunch of almost every qualified observer is: "No war."

GREAT BRITAIN

Parting Thoughts

"Winston soothes France," said an eight-column banner in London's *Daily Express*. The Prime Minister's two-day visit to Paris last week was plainly designed to allay French fears before he set sail on the *Queen Mary* this week for his first official trip to the U.S. since the war. He wanted to assure his political next-door neighbor, French Premier René Pleven, that he would make no deals with the Americans which left France out in the cold. And he made it plain that Britain's refusal to join a Western Europe economic or military

federation did not mean that it was opposed to either, or that it would not cooperate with them if they were created.

The communiqué issued before he left France was vague, but Churchill mollified the French and General Eisenhower (with whom he lunched) by promising to associate Britain "as closely as possible" with the European army. Such an army, he said, is the "right means" of bringing German manpower into the West's defense system. British troops on the Continent will be "linked" but not merged with the European army whenever it is formed.

His visit improved Franco-British relations, if only because it testified to a desire to improve them. They were not very bad before his visit, nor very good after his



Associated Press
GENERAL EISENHOWER & FRIEND
Stern facts and unpleasant measures.

departure. Commented *Time & Tide*: "Relations between Britain and France are a long, lasting love affair between two aging, sophisticated, Proutian characters. If ever the qualities of unexpectedness, tension and edginess go out of them, they will have lost also their wonder and probably their necessity."

Back home at week's end, in his first radio address since his election, Churchill sought to disabuse his own countrymen of any romantic illusions they might have about his U.S. trip. Said he: "You must not expect the Americans to solve our domestic problems for us. [No one] is going to keep the British lion as a pet." Nor should the Tories themselves be expected to turn on prosperity overnight. "Unpleasant" measures will be needed to deal with "stern and grim facts." The Conservatives, said Winston Churchill, will need "at least three years before anyone can judge fairly whether we have made things better or worse."

⁶ Now totaling 18 divisions (many under strength): U.S., 6 divisions; Great Britain, 3; France, 5; Belgium, 2; Canada, The Netherlands, Norway, Denmark, Luxembourg together, equivalent of 2 divisions.

"How've You Been?"

"Don't be long, love," Ada Robinson cautioned her young (29) husband Tom as he left her and their baby daughter in England, to wind up his business in Africa's Orange Free State. Tom promised, and sailed away. That was 42 years ago. Tom kept meaning to return. "But I had a good job," he explains, "and if you left a good job in those days, someone took your place." Ada kept meaning to join him in South Africa. But soon after Tom left, another baby arrived, and she decided to wait. Then a war came along; then a depression; then another war. Ada and Tom wrote each other every week, but, said Ada, "something always kept happening" to keep them apart.

At long last, Tom wangled leave to visit his wife. Last week, Ada was waiting with their 42-year-old daughter at Waterloo Station, as a heavily mustached man of 71 elbowed through the crowd leaving an incoming train. Ada prodded her daughter. "That's Dad," she said. Tom planted a quick kiss on his wife. "Hello, love," he said. "How've you been?"

Their marriage? "It's been one of the happiest any couple could have," said Tom and Ada.

RUSSIA

Spies

To hear the Communists tell it, the U.S. is having great success in sending spies through the Iron Curtain.

Satellite Rumania reported the capture of Wilhelm Spender and Constantin Saplakan, "two spies dropped in the Fagaras district on Oct. 18 by a U.S. aircraft which had set out from Athens." Spender and Saplakan, Rumania said, were recruited from an Italian D.P. camp in 1951, trained in "special U.S. espionage schools in Italy," and "given the task of committing acts of diversion . . . also of gathering military information."

Hungary announced the arrest of four Hungarians accused of spying for the U.S., and described one of them as "an American-trained agent employed by the U.S."

Moscow's Tass news agency announced the execution of A. I. Osmanov and I. K. Sarantsev, said to have received "special training from U.S. intelligence officers in topography, the use of weapons and parachuting." Osmanov and Sarantsev, said Tass, had been flown from Greece in a U.S. plane and dropped in Moldavia last August, for the "organization of acts of diversion, terror and espionage," after which they were to have crossed the Soviet Armenian border and reported to U.S. intelligence officers at Kars, Turkey.

In the tough trade of espionage, it is an axiom that an exposed spy is disowned by the organization which employs him. Spender and Saplakan, Osmanov and Sarantsev (if they were not propaganda fiction) might have worked for any one of a

SWEDEN

The Well-Stocked Cellar

From Sweden, prosperous neutral in two world wars, determined abstainer from Europe's common effort to ward off a third, TIME Senior Editor Henry Anatole Grunwald cabled:

IN Stockholm, beneath a quiet house, there is a deep, vaulted cellar, where candles substitute warmly for the sunlight. This is a favorite refuge for Swedes, not from bombs, but from the menaces of life in general. Rich, excellent food is served, limited only by the lack of imagination in Swedish cooking; beer flows from great casks, unfortunately diluted by edict of a government which believes that drinking can be curbed by alcohol-content laws.

The restaurant is called The Golden Peace, and it represents perfectly the Swedish idea of the good life. Swedes like the open air and the magnificent shores of their lakes, but politically and spiritually most of them live in a well-protected, well-stocked cellar, with "Peace" hopefully written over the entrance.

National Argument. A young newspaperman ruefully told me that neutrality is the great Swedish superstition. Sweden has not been in a war since 1814, has spent most of her efforts since then on staying out. Her decision to stay out of the North Atlantic alliance is almost universally accepted. Practically everyone you meet, however, feels it necessary to explain Sweden's position. They all give the same argument, as if the whole country had been briefed.

First they tell you that their heart is really in the right place. As Prime Minister Tage Erlander puts it: "We are politically neutral, but not ideologically." Just the same, Sweden will not become part of any bloc; she will fight only if she is attacked. Thereby—so runs the argument—she is actually doing her neighbors a favor: if Sweden had joined NATO, the Russians would have had a perfect excuse to take Finland. (The Russians don't need an excuse to take Finland.)

As for Norway and Denmark—the argument goes—Sweden could not help them by joining NATO, since Sweden is at her peak in armament now. Thus Sweden has a buffer in Finland, and Norway and Denmark have a buffer in Sweden. (Many Swedish military men will privately tell you that the defense of Scandinavia would be stronger if coordinated.)

Barrels That Fly. The fact is that the Swedes are jolly glad to have stayed out of World War II, and intend to stay out of any World War III. At the same time, they are building up their defenses.

They have the best air force in Europe outside Britain. They make their own jets, the "flying barrels," certainly no match for Russia's but rated highly. They have a respectable navy, a military force of 50,000 men. They figure that in war they could mobilize 500,000 men in a matter of days.

Commander in chief of Sweden's defense forces since last spring is General Nils Svedlund, nicknamed "The Great Thunderer." At 52 he was moved to the top over several older generals, e.g., Carl Ehrensvärd, an excellent officer who fought against Russia in Finland's Winter War. Ehrensvärd would have got the top job, but the cautious government considered him too outspokenly anti-Russian.

Class Non-Struggle. Sweden's government rules with a kind of benevolent despotism. Nobody seriously objects to it, and with reason, for it works: materially, Sweden's workers are better off than any others in Europe.

The Socialists have organized a decent kind of materialism in which poverty can be abolished, and have combined their secular order with Christian decency. But Swedish life is controlled and regulated to a degree difficult for an American to imagine; not that these people are not free, but they have a polite and padded kind of freedom. This is the doing not only of the Socialists; Conservatives and businessmen talk a great deal about the need for more individual

initiative, but none of them seems willing to fight hard for it.

The Socialists have nationalized only a small number of industries. They are still committed to full nationalization and the abolition of monarchy, but they wouldn't dream of pressing the issues.

The recent case of the Soviet spy Andersson (TIME, Nov. 12) has shaken Swedes into realizing that their cellar is not as safe as they had thought. They have shaken off most of the old habit of thought that made the Communists somehow part of the progressive Left. They grapple with the Reds, day by day, election for election, in union meetings and in the workshops. The Communists now poll only 4.8% of the vote; in 1946 it was 11%.

The Welfare State. The Swedish welfare state takes care of its citizens from the womb (prenatal benefits to mothers), to birth (maternity hospitals), to infancy (home assistants to young mothers), through school (free lunches), to jobs (vocational training), through sickness (next-to-free hospitals), through accidents (invalid insurance), through mental troubles (free psychiatric advice), through old age (old-age pensions), to the tomb (funeral benefits), to salvation, if possible (state-paid preachers).

This benignity is supplemented by the vast Swedish cooperatives. They operate 8,000 retail shops, ten regional wholesale houses and 40 factories producing everything from canned goods to shoes. The cooperatives have a network of schools, newspapers and housing projects.

The Swedish way of life does peculiar things to the human spirit. Stockholm is a city without tragedy; its absence is as striking as excessive silence. One begins to wonder whether the people in this clean, prosperous, well-ordered place ever feel violent emotions or commit violent acts.

After a few days in Stockholm I found myself asking people, "Isn't there anything wrong with Sweden? There must be." And there is. One government official said: "In a country that has established an orderly society, there comes a time when one begins to ask oneself 'What next?'"

A lot of Swedes are asking themselves this question and finding no answer. The result is a deep undercurrent of emotional unrest. It has many symptoms. A few months ago Stockholm was treated to the spectacle of gangs of prostitutes, homosexuals and assorted hoodlums mixing it every Saturday night in Berzelii Park to the delight of onlookers. The divorce rate has jumped from 7.7% in 1939 to 14% in 1950. Sweden has one of the world's highest illegitimacy rates and one of the highest alcoholism rates.

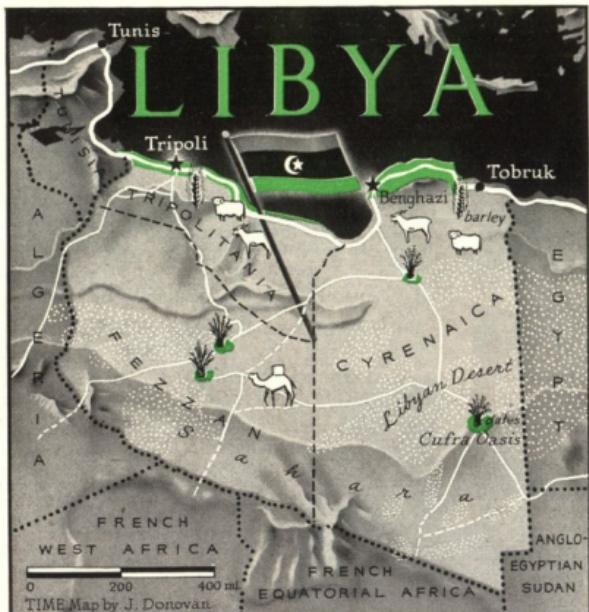
Liquor is rationed to three bottles a month, two of wine, one of spirits. In restaurants you are allowed only 10 centiliters (about two 1½-oz. shots) with a meal. Some restaurants put an artificial chicken before a "diner."

Juvenile delinquency is high. Officials blame it largely on the fact that jobs are easy to get. A 17-year-old is likely to make 500 kronor a month (\$96.50) and has money to burn on drink and excitement. Most of the juvenile crimes are thefts of cars and motorcycles, done for the hell of it.

Said a clergyman of Sweden's Lutheran State Church: "Our churches are empty. We do not seem to be able to interest the young. But nobody else seems able to interest them either."

Invisible Wall. Are these Swedes happy? They usually say yes. But the panorama of Swedish life seems to say no. An invisible wall seems to divide them from each other and from the world. Each sits in his own little cellar, inattentive to the riven world and determined to enjoy his own Golden Peace which—he feels—hard work, right thinking, progressive sewage disposal and a little luck have earned him.

Sweden would be an asset to Western defense, but nothing will get the Swedes out of their cellar except a war on Sweden.



dozen national or political groups in Western Europe, persecuted and exiled by the Soviet Union. None admitted it. As for the U.S., State Department Spokesman Michael McDermott was emphatic: "We know nothing of these men, and we know nothing of the incidents."

Water Grinders

When it comes to criticizing Soviet bureaucracy, no Westerner can be so merciless as the Communists themselves. Last week *Pravda* took after O.K.B., the government's Experimental Design Bureau, which supplies industrial know-how not otherwise borrowed from the West. Samples:

Eggs: "How to boil an egg—that is one of the life-shaking problems which designers, draftsmen and consultants of the O.K.B. are engaged . . . After years of cogitation there appears . . . an egg boiler for eight eggs . . . marked approved, but not acceptable for use." Cost of developing the eight-egg boiler: 35,000 rubles.

Fruit juice: "The designers and constructors squeezed out of the O.K.B. budget . . . all the juice they needed, but the institutions that needed fruit juice dispensers have been unable to squeeze out of the O.K.B. one single dispenser." Cost of the fruit-juice project: 250,000 rubles.

Pravda also peeked into the O.K.B. trade machinery division where "56 persons occupy themselves with pouring from one empty barrel into an empty pail and back again." This inspired *Pravda* to a new term for bureaucratic goldbricking: "Grinding water in a mortar."

LIBYA Birth of a Nation

A new nation was born this week.

In Tripoli and Benghazi, where proconsuls of the Phoenicians, the Caesars and the Ottomans once reigned, and the shards of Mussolini's latter-day empire molder mockingly in the African sun, bright new flags proclaimed the birth of the United Kingdom of Libya. A sage old Moslem spiritual leader became the world's newest King, Idris I of Libya. Three territories, separated by wide deserts and mutual distrust—Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and Fezzan—were united under a Western-style parliament and a constitution scissored and pasted together from the laws of twelve other countries.

A Word for It. The birth is a unique attempt at planned parenthood. Libya, a country of a few backward cities and oasis-speckled sand wilderness about three times the size of Texas, is the first nation brought into being solely by the United Nations. But it is a typical newborn of the sickly Arab world—born into poverty, cursed with ignorance, endowed with only a fighting chance to grow to maturity. The 1,050,000 Arabs of Libya have a word for independence—*istiqbal*—but little of the heritage to make it work.

The country has no colleges, and only 16 college graduates. It has only three lawyers. There is not a single Libyan physician, engineer, surveyor or pharmacist in the land. No more than 250,000 Libyans can write their own names; the

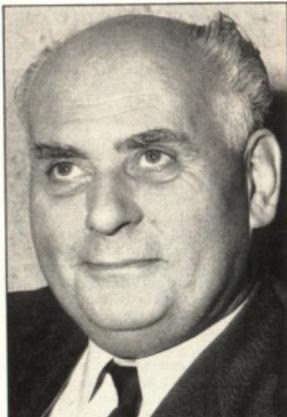
rest use thumbprints as signatures. Eye diseases, especially trachoma, are so widespread that 10% of the population is blind.

The national per capita income is \$35 a year—lowest of all Arab countries, with the possible exception of Yemen. Italians of whom there are still 47,000 out of the thousands who immigrated to Libya when it was to become Mussolini's model colony, still hold many of the best jobs, own the best farms, run the best businesses. Eight-tenths of the people are farmers or nomadic herdsmen, yet a U.N. survey team reports discouragingly that the country "is hardly able to afford an adequate diet for its own people."

200 Miles of Track. Importing twice what it exports, the country must write its budget in red. The kingdom's rail transport consists of one steam engine, two diesels, a few ramshackle freight cars, and only 200 miles of track to run them on. Between Tripoli, which is the country's largest city, and Fezzan, its largest province, there are no telephone, telegraph or radio connections. Nor is there much homogeneity between the three provinces. Except for the late years of Italian rule (1935 until World War II), Tripolitania (pop. 800,000), Cyrenaica (pop. 300,000) and Fezzan (pop. 40,000) have never been jointly administered.

Even the U.N. is not sure that such an anemic child can survive. Because the big powers could not agree among themselves on the future of the former Italian colony, the U.N.'s little nations, led by impatent Arabs and the Latin Americans, in 1949 slipped through a resolution which decreed independence no later than Jan. 1,

A poly-poly Dutchman named Adrian Pelt left his job as Assistant Secretary General of the U.N. to become U.N. Commissioner in Libya, took a staff of experts to work with him. A provisional



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assembly of 60 Libyans—20 from each province—meeting under the U.N.'s wing, decided that the country should be a federal monarchy, drafted its constitution, and planned elections. Without argument, the assembly settled on a King—Sayid Mohammed Idris el Mahdi el Senussi, Emir of Cyrenaica, spiritual and political leader of the devout and powerful Moslem Order of the Senussi, and in his own right the strongest personality in Libya.

A scholarly, fine-boned Arab of 62, who wears the blue robes of a Bedouin monarch and speaks in a high, thin voice, King Idris I led his Senussi tribesmen in two wars against the Italians, now uses a converted Italian barracks near Benghazi as his palace. He trusts the West, and privately refers to the seven-nation Arab League as "an alliance of weaknesses." But recognizing Libya's kinship with the rest of the Moslem world, he plans to join the Arab League. "If anybody ever succeeds in cementing this country together," says an English veteran of Libya, "it will be the King. The cement is Islam—these people really believe and live Islam." (The first daub of cement: a royal decree establishing two capitals, the main one in Tripoli, and the second in Benghazi to allay Cyrenaican fears of Tripoli.)

Full of Beans. After a year of working with the King and his contagiously optimistic ministers, even some of the pessimistic foreigners in Libya have become more hopeful. "There's a chance for real democracy here," says Pelt. "I think they can make a go of it—the Libyans are full of beans and ready to try." Actually, in independence the Libyans will be getting more outside help and guidance than they got as a colony. The British, who hope to be Libya's big brother, have provided scores of civil servants to staff the government, are putting up some \$6,000,000 to get things going (as opposed to \$1,000,000 from the U.S.) and to underwrite Libya's annual budget deficit. The French left experts behind in Fezzan, and are giving the province \$500,000 a year.

Libya's attraction for the U.S., Britain and France is chiefly strategic. Britain and France will be allowed to keep garrisons in Libya, and the U.S. its big Wheeler Field bomber base near Tripoli. But Libya's new leaders have shown that they do not want to be bottle-fed forever. "So far, they have made encouraging progress because they've asked for advice as well as aid," says a Western diplomat.

As the day of *istiglal* approached last week, the government prepared for it with a sort of dazed reverence. The ministers scuttled between the two capitals in a borrowed U.N. plane, to arrange a three-day celebration. Someone got the loan of a U.S. howitzer for a 101-shot salute, then found an old Turk who thought he knew how to fire it. A team of G.I. technicians visited the King in his dagger-hung study, to record his independence proclamation for broadcast. The King patiently reread the speech four times and then, when it was played back on a wire recorder, widened his eyes and giggled.



Wide World

LIBYA'S IDRIS I

The enthusiasm was contagious.

The common Arab in the bazaars of Tripoli or among the Fezzan sand dunes seemed not quite sure of what was happening. But just as he has always had a word for independence, he has one for things not quite understandable. The word is *inshalla*, and it means: "As God wills it."

MIDDLE EAST Hounding the Helpless

For more than a million people in the Middle East, life seemed to have exhausted its stock of misfortune. They are the hapless and for the most part innocent victims of man's inhumanity to man: the 875,000 Arab refugees from Palestine and their opposite numbers, 200,000 Jewish immigrants, admitted to Israel but not yet absorbed. They huddle in tents and makeshift shelters, queue for meager rations. Last week Nature added to their misery, in a howling of winds and a downpour of rain such as the Middle East hadn't seen for a quarter-century.

Sixty-mile-an-hour gales shredded tents from Dan to Beersheba, tossed flimsy huts into the air and tore ripening oranges from trees. Thirty-six thousand refugees were homeless in Gaza. Trapped by rising waters, refugees died in Jordan. Part of the Negev desert that had been arid for as long as the oldest inhabitants remembered was suddenly laced with freakish torrents of brown water that cut off a camp and threatened starvation. Soldiers waded waist-deep to isolated camps, tightened sagging guy ropes, improvised drainage canals and dished out hot food. Israeli planes dropped food and medicine.

The worst casualty, however, was not the camps or the crops but the morale of the refugees. Yemenite Jews stoned passing cars to express their resentment of those who lived comfortably. Women stood over spluttering stoves in tents and wished they'd never seen Israel.

A high Israeli officer reported husky, 16-year-old boys smoking in their damp beds while a few feet away 18-year-old soldiers, called to emergency duty, struggled to repair their tents. "They're like the D.P.s in Europe," he complained. "They don't see the point of helping themselves."

But disaster brought these people something they never had before: the first friendly attention from old Israeli hands. Willing Tel Aviv householders took in strange babies with bad colds; one businessman collected 15 shivering children and bedded them down in his cellar. Tel Aviv's Mayor Israel Rokach beamed, said: "At last we are a united people again."

At week's end in Israel's holy land, Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion declared a state of emergency to last as long as the windows of heaven were opened and the flood of waters was upon the earth.

IRAN To Quit or Not to Quit

Better than most modern statesmen, Iran's Premier Mohammed Mossadegh knows the value of the childlike tantrum. Last week he sat at home "in *korst*," i.e., on a mattress on the floor with his legs around a charcoal burner, and a blanket covering all of him but his head, and considered Iran's forthcoming general election. Gloomily, the aged Premier sent for Court Minister Hussein Ala and told him he was going to quit. Why? asked the flabbergasted Ala.

Well, explained Mossadegh, there is talk that the Shah's twin sister has been working against him. And he had just received reports that the Queen Mother was sending refreshments to members of the opposition camped out in the Majlis building. He was not only going to resign, said Mossadegh; he was going to make a speech informing the people of Iran that the court is against him. Caught unprepared, Ala could only stutter his remonstrances: but—but really, the Shah, whatever his private misgivings, had publicly backed Mossadegh's every move, and the Queen Mother's influence on politics was almost nil.

The old man was adamant. "I've made up my mind," he said. "Go tell the Shah." "Preposterous!" exploded the Shah. Ala scampered back and told Mossadegh that the Shah had refused to accept the resignation. That put a crimp in any designs the conscientious young (32) Shah might have had. Mossadegh said he was still determined to resign. The religious leader, Mullah Kashani, arrived and urged the Premier to reconsider. You can't, he urged, leave the people in their hour of need. A few hours later, the whole cabinet assembled at the Premier's home. They argued,

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they reasoned, they pleaded. At long last, Mossadeq gave in. He had decided, he said, wrapping the blanket more tightly around him, that he would not quit, after all.

NORTHERN RHODESIA Baboons & Rainbirds

Not far from the towering cataracts of Victoria Falls, in darkest Africa, 20th Century civilization was fighting a hapless battle with the denizens of the jungle. It wasn't lions, leopards, elephants or crocodiles; they had capitulated without a struggle. It was baboons.

The baboons have been thwarting progress ever since the government cleared away 430 acres of savanna last year and laid out Livingstone Airport, designed for jet transports. To begin with, the big grey baboons streamed out of the forests on to the runway, swinging big sticks to squash up a midday lunch of scorpions. "They got in the path of oncoming planes and left sticks and rubbish on the runways," complained Airport Manager E.G.F. Salmon. "We drove out in jeeps to drive them off and fired shots over their heads. Somehow we couldn't shoot to kill; they were too human."

The baboons retreated, took to coming out at night to get revenge. Salmon and his men installed electric flare lamps along the runway to scare them off, but the baboons thought they were forest fires. One night a ghostly army of the creatures, led by an aged and skilled tactician, sneaked out of the forest and raced across the open to the flare lamps. They smashed at the fires with sticks and stones, swung at them with hairy fists, howling in fury all the while. "It was some night," reported Manager Salmon dolefully. And it was enough. Last week Manager Salmon decided to ring the field with a \$12,000 electrified fence. But still the jungle would not be won: there remained the rainbirds—huge, storklike migrants who flock to Rhodesia each year in the rainy season. They were strutting by the hundreds on Livingstone's runways, as arrogant as any baboon. "The fence," sighed harassed Manager Salmon, "probably won't keep out the rainbirds."

ITALY

50,000-Fold

Frail, flame-haired Fabio Signorini, 10, was the smartest boy in his class—and the only one unable to bring a postcard to school for the geography project. With tears of shame in his eyes, Fabio explained matters to his teacher. Neither his mother nor his grandparents can read or write. His father was captured by the Russians on the Don nine years before, and, like 60,000 other Italian soldiers, has not been heard of since. None of the other ten relatives who share the poverty-ridden farmhouse in Sant' Alessandro had ever sent or received a postcard in their lives.

Teacher Ilda Rossi considered Fabio's problem. Why, she asked, didn't he write a letter to a newspaper? Maybe some kind



David Lees

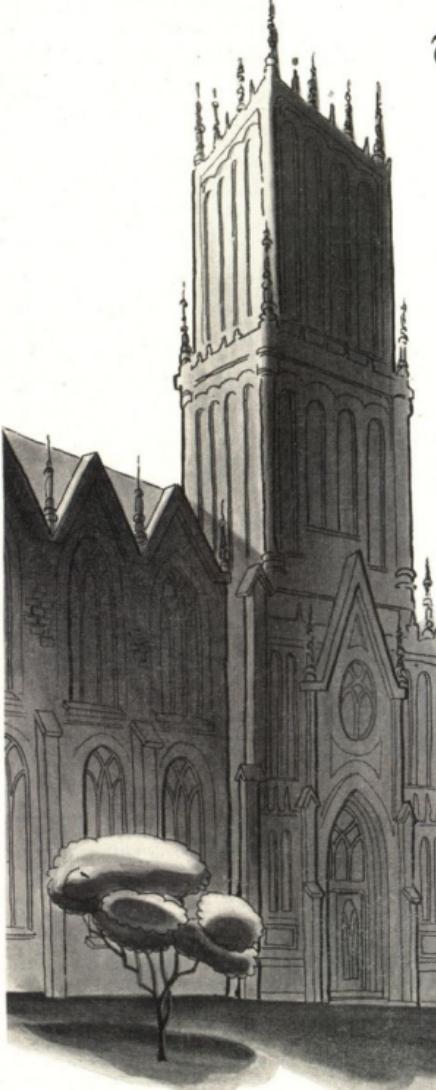
FABIO SIGNORINI
Daddy didn't write.

reader would send him a postcard. Fabio leaped on the idea. Two weeks later, his plea for postcards appeared in Milan's weekly *Domenica del Corriere*. The response was immediate. Bundles of postcards began arriving from all over Italy, France, Belgium and Switzerland. Others followed from Africa, Japan, Calcutta, Rio de Janeiro and even Union City, N.J. Some days brought more than 1,000 cards. Some people sent money, chocolates; one offered him a job when he grows up; another offered a 15-day round trip to Salzburg. A battalion of the French Foreign Legion adopted him as mascot.

Fabio and his grandfather had to hitch up the old oxcart to carry all the mail home. By last week, as the total climbed to more than 50,000 postcards, letters and packages, the nearest post office, 40 miles away in Volterra, had taken on an extra man just to handle Fabio's mail.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA In Hitler's Steps

Ousted Czech Vice Premier Rudolf Slansky is still awaiting trial in Prague for crimes vaguely described as "activities against the state." Last week a clearer picture of the crimes, and of a growing Communist crusade, emerged from a speech made by Communist Premier Antonin Zapotocky. The speech, an appeal to national pride which might have stemmed from Adolf Hitler, was a bitter attack on "Jewish capitalism" and "interference from Jerusalem." Slansky, like several of the victims of Czechoslovakia's current party purge, is a Jew. Therefore, he is, in the favorite word the Communists use to denounce Jews, a "cosmopolite." The Communist organ *Rude Pravo* explained further: "Traitors of the type of Slansky . . . are indifferent to the past and present of the people among whom they live because they have nothing in common with them."



Unless the Lord build the house...

Twice in one lifetime we have tried to build peace, both times we have failed.

And both times God was kept from the peace table—the first time because the world was "too busy"; the second time because God was barred by Communism. This, despite the Bible warning that "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

A return to religion and to the individual freedoms of our founding fathers will make America strong spiritually and morally.

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PEOPLE

In the Family

The workaday schoolrooms of Ottawa's Joan of Arc Institute were bright with holiday colors as proud fathers & mothers gathered for the annual Christmas pageant. Word soon got around that a distinguished family was in the audience: Canada's Governor General **Viscount Alexander of Tunis**, his wife **Lady Alexander** and their two sons, Shane and Brian. Then everyone quieted down to watch the nursery school actors dance and do their little play called *Where Do You Come From, Shepherd?*

One of the nursery angels, a 3½-year-old all tinsel and white, who pirouetted through the dance routines, caught a photographer's attention. When the show was

rehearsed until the 7:30 curtain rose on *Götterdämmerung* and her Met debut as Brünnhilde.

Orson Welles, who has had his share of curtain boos and offstage hisses, found that his mere presence in an audience could be booted too. When he arrived at Dublin's Gate Theater to see a play, he was greeted at the theater door by a banner-waving picket line whose signs read "Not wanted, Orson Welles, Stalin's star . . . Dublin rejects Communistic front star . . ." But inside, Welles got cheers when he said: "I am not a Communist. I never was a Communist. I came here to see a play." He also got a character reference of sorts from Hilton Edwards, his actor friend who is also co-owner of the theater: "So long as I have



VISCOUNT & LADY ALEXANDER WITH SUSAN
An angel broke a secret.

T. V. Little

over, he decided to find out who she was and get a picture of her with her family.

The picture broke one of Ottawa's best kept secrets. When the photographer asked who her parents were, the little girl led him to the Governor General, who later explained it all. The child's name was Susan Alexander. Three years ago on a trip to England the Alexanders adopted her. They brought her back to Canada, where she has lived ever since in the privacy of the viceregal residence. The Christmas pageant was Susan's first public appearance.

Cultural Pursuits

Just before a scheduled concert with the Dallas Symphony, Wagnerian Soprano **Astrid Varnay** got a phone call from the Metropolitan Opera in Manhattan. Soprano **Helen Traubel** was ill. Could Miss Varnay come to the rescue? Miss Varnay finished her concert and grabbed a plane, arrived at the Met at 6 p.m.,

known him, Welles has been trying to be a capitalist."

In London, Buckingham Palace Guest **Ruth Draper** was given the honorary rank of Commander of the Order of the British Empire. The decoration was recently presented personally by King **George VI**, whose father & mother first enjoyed Actress Draper's character sketches at a performance in Windsor Castle back in 1927.

After a tour of Israel, where his sitters included President **Chaim Weizman**, Prime Minister **David Ben-Gurion**, a few "men in the street," and members of the cabinet, Sculptor **Jo Davidson** arrived in Paris with a group of plaster busts to be cast in bronze. It was the beginning of a Davidson project to make a bronze history of the new country.

Santa Fe Artist **Randall Davey**, who has painted such celebrities as **John Gossoworthy**, **James Forrestal** and **Madame Schumann-Heink**, but is better known

for his race track studies, was busily putting some final strokes on another famous face: the Chicago *Tribune's* Colonel **Robert R. McCormick**.

Good Examples

In Rangoon, the government announced that **Dr. Gordon (Burma Surgeon) Seagrave** will be allowed to practice medicine again at the Namkham mission hospital which he founded. Said the doctor: "I am grateful to the government and people of Burma for their trust. Every life I save will be dedicated to U Kyaw Myint, the Burmese lawyer who defended me against treason charges."

Old Soldier-Diplomat **Patrick J. Hurley**, who recently made Oklahoma's Hall of Fame, landed in still another niche: the Denver *Post's* Hall of Fame, for his "outstanding leadership and success" as chairman of the Rocky Mountain Scrap Mobilization Committee.

Representatives of 75 professional, scientific and learned societies across the land cited **Herbert Hoover** as "the most illustrious member" of the engineering profession.

Taking along several thousand Talking Letter recording tapes, **Cardinal Spellman** left Manhattan to spend Christmas with the troops in Korea. Invited to make the holiday visit to the war zone by General **James A. Van Fleet**, the cardinal planned to arrive in time to say Christmas Mass "any place, even if it is in a cave. I'll be happier in Korea than any place else, even St. Patrick's Cathedral."

In Tokyo, **Crown Prince Akihito** celebrated another birthday and said to reporters with 18-year-old solemnity: "I want to be a man with a strong moral backbone and a keen and reliable insight and knowledge."

Fever Chart

Animal Trainer **Clyde Beatty**, already carrying a total of 24 scars on his back from brushes with wild beasts, picked up one on his right arm. While Beatty was rehearsing with a panther for some television adventure films, the big cat squirmed loose and clawed him.

A case of laryngitis left Singer **Frankie Laine** completely silenced. Doctors hoped that treatment and a quiet rest at his Encino, Calif. home would save him from an operation to remove the squeaky nodes which have appeared on his vocal cords.

In Hollywood, British Ballerina **Moira (The Red Shoes) Shearer** told her studio bosses that she was expecting a baby in the summer, would therefore have to step out of her role in the new film *Hans Christian Andersen*.

In Chicago, Actor **Edward G. Robinson** borrowed a diathermy machine to warm up his aching bones; playing the part of Rubashov in *Darkness at Noon* on a drafty stage had aggravated a case of bursitis in his right shoulder.

After a bout with pneumonia, Old Football Hero **"Red" Grange**, 48, now a Chicago insurance executive and television commentator, was ordered to spend four more weeks in the hospital.

PERSONALITY

(See Cover)

To some Americans, the name Marx summons up a bearded prophet of social doom, but to most it means a zany tumble of brothers. Groucho is the zaniest and most durable of the lot. In his long career as a comedian, he has met and mastered three mediums: movies, radio and now television.

Professionally, the other Marx Brothers haven't worn nearly so well. Harpo, once the rage of several continents, has just finished a series of television commercials for a milk company; Chico does his hoary piano routine and Etyetalian dialect around nightclubs; Gummo, who quit the act for good to become a World War I doughboy, is his brothers' agent; Zeppo, now out of show business altogether, manufactures airplane parts.

The middle Marx brother in age, Groucho (whose real front names are Julius Henry), now 61, is at the height of his powers in both radio and television, with an annual income of \$400,000 before taxes. Fairly dignified bodies of medal pinners have voted him Best Comedian of the Year (1949), Outstanding Television Personality (1950), Best Quizmaster, etc.

His quiz program (NBC, Wed. 9 p.m., E.S.T.; TV, Thurs. 8 p.m.), *You Bet Your Life*, is now well into its fifth season. When one of the contestants, a pretty and shapely high-school math teacher, explained that geometry is the study of lines, curves and surfaces, Groucho gave his celebrated leer and panted, "Kiss me, fool!" The audience reaction threatened to blow the back out of the broadcasting theater. Groucho's jokes sound far funnier than they read afterwards. But there are exceptions, such as the one when he asked a tree surgeon on his program: "Tell me, Doctor, did you ever fall out of a patient?"

With Groucho, delivery is almost everything. An old line of his, "The air is like wine tonight," used to make audiences choke with laughter a couple of decades ago. When he would simply say, "I think I'll go out and get a cold towel," then start for the wings with the queer, buzzardish shuffle he used for a walk, it would leave the audience strangling. Because nowadays he seldom moves from the high stool he sits on during broadcasts, the buzzardish shuffle is gone. But the rest of the delivery is still there, as good or better than ever: the perfectly timed twitch of the brows; the play of the luminous brown eyes—now rolling with naughty thoughts, now staring through the spectacles with only half-amused contempt; the acidulous, faint smile; the touch of fuming disgust in the voice ("That's as shifty an answer as I ever heard"); above all, the effrontery.

UNQUELCHABLE effrontery has always been Groucho's chief stock in trade. During his stage & screen career, he played a succession of brazen rascals: fraudulent attorney, flamboyant explorer, dissolute college president, amoral private eye, cozening operatic entrepreneur, horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped"), bogus Emperor of France—using such aliases as J. Cheever Loophole, Captain Spaulding, Professor Wagstaff, Detective Sam Grunion, Otis B. Driftwood, Wolf J. Flywheel and Napoleon. Whatever the alias or whatever the rascality, he was always the same rascal, the con man who made no bones about the disdain he felt for the suckers he made trimming.

A good deal of this disdainful effrontery Groucho employs in private life, at least in his casual dealings with his fellow men. At a function presided over by Governor Frank Merriam, one of the stiffest governors the state of California was ever afflicted with, Groucho, summoned to the platform to be presented to His Excellency, dragged two friends up with him. "Governor," he said, in a voice for all to hear, "I want you to shake hands with a couple of degenerates."

There were countless times in his childhood, youth and early manhood when Groucho needed all the effrontery he could muster. Born in a tenement on Manhattan's upper

East Side, he was the third son of an Alsatian immigrant tailor whose attributes were loving kindness, great charm and a genius for failure. As a boy, Groucho loved reading and dreamed of being a doctor; but the family was always behind with the rent, and his mother, the celebrated Minnie, had him traveling with one of Gus Edwards' kid acts when he was four or five years away from long pants. Zeppo, the youngest, was the only Marx brother who ever reached high school.

THE BROTHERS' act finally attained vaudeville's Mecca, the Palace, but the way there for more than a dozen years was gritty and grisly. Billed variously as "The Four Nightingales" ("The Four Vultures" would have been more like it) Groucho says today, "The Six Musical Mascots" (when Minnie and Aunt Hannah joined the troupe), and "Fun in Hi-School" (a warmed-over kid act), they played whistle stops and tank towns on the smallest-time circuits. They performed in sinkhole theaters and fetid saloons, dressed in alleys and cat-infested cellars, slugged it out with rustic hoodlums lying in wait for them at stage doors (Groucho carried a blackjack and brass knuckles), ate in coffee pots and greasy spoons, suffered baggage seizures by inexorable boarding-house landladies, were fined incessantly by managers for brawling and horseplay, and now & then literally walked the railroad ties.

Once wingy a harassed conductor informed Minnie that her half-fare "children" were smoking cigars, chasing girls and playing three-card stud in the coach ahead, she beamed at him and explained, "They grow so fast." After the Marx Brothers had gained fame & fortune from three musical comedies (*I'll Say She Is*, *The Cocoanuts*, and *Animal Crackers*), Groucho lost \$240,000 in the crash of 1929. Anybody who could survive such a life would always have effrontery to burn.

Groucho's other superb professional asset is his lightning ability to ad-lib jokes. His mind is like a panful of popcorn kernels with heat underneath: one ad lib bursts, and the air is filled with popcorn. *You Bet Your Life*, his current show, simultaneously tape-recorded for radio and filmed for television, is not exactly a simon-pure ad-lib performance. Contestants are chosen in advance, made to fill out questionnaires about themselves, and coached for an hour and a half before facing Groucho. But Groucho is still a better field shot than any other ad-libber, and shows it by shooting from the hip at these clay pigeons.

Married and divorced twice (two children by the first marriage, one by the second), he lives with a pair of servants in a 15-room Beverly Hills house. He does all the shopping. Afternoons, he works on the two dozen fruit trees that stand on his back lawn; he is a martyr to what Robert Benchley described as dendrophilism, which might be described as tree-tickling. Groucho takes excellent care of himself: he plays golf, never has more than two drinks at a party, and always leaves at midnight, even parties where he is the host. His only excess is cigars. One of his favorite occupations is sitting for long hours in his den strumming Gilbert & Sullivan (at which he is an expert) on his guitar. He is also an expert on the novels of Henry James. Having had hardly any formal education, Groucho, by dint of greedy reading, has made himself a well-read man. His friends are endlessly amazed at his mastery of the contents of magazines which they regard as highbrow (*Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Saturday Review of Literature*, etc.).

THOSE WHO know Groucho best insist that beneath his brash exterior lies a shy, thoughtful and kindhearted man. "The guy doesn't mean to be insulting," Songwriter Harry Ruby says. "It's an involuntary motion with him, like a compulsion neurosis." When Groucho won the Peabody Award for being Radio's Best Comedian of the Year, it turned out that he had never heard of the awards or of the late George Foster Peabody, in whose honor the award was named. "It's a good thing the guy died," Groucho ad-libbed, "otherwise we couldn't have won any prizes." From Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Fred Allen or Ed Wynn, such a crack might have seemed outrageous. From Groucho it was merely funny.

MUSIC

Cultural Note

If symphony orchestras are signs of culture, the U.S. is showing more culture than ever. A tabulation by the American Symphony Orchestra League shows that in 1951 there were 702 such orchestras in the U.S.—125 of them in cities and towns of less than 25,000 population. Prior to 1900, there were only nine orchestras in the whole country.

Three Kings in 50 Minutes

Gian-Carlo Menotti believes that "any subject is good for opera if the composer feels it so intensely he must sing it out." Standing before Hieronymous Bosch's *The Adoration of the Magi* one day in Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art, Menotti felt the old intensity welling up inside. He found himself thinking about miracles of faith, and of his own childhood lameness which was cured—miraculously, he believes—when he was four. As he stood there, he knew he had the subject for his seventh opera.

This week a Christmas Eve audience watched the world première of *Amahl and the Night Visitors* on the largest TV hook-up (35 stations) that NBC has ever strung together for opera. Like most Menotti works, *Amahl* is a one-man show—music, libretto and stage direction by the composer. The story is a simple Menotti mixture of melodrama and pathos, with more than enough invention to fill out 50 minutes.

Amahl, a crippled boy, and his mother live in a rude hut. The three kings, traveling toward Bethlehem, ask lodging for the night. The desperately needy mother tries to steal some of their gold as they sleep, and is caught red-handed. As he did in *The Consul*, Menotti then makes his story

point with dramatic directness. Sings King Melchior (Baritone David Aiken):

*Oh, woman, you can keep the gold;
The Child we seek doesn't need our
gold.*

*On love, on love alone
He will build His Kingdom.*

The mother (Soprano Rosemary Kuhlmann) radiantly refuses the gold ("For such a King I waited all my life"). Crippled Amahl impulsively offers his crutch as a gift for the newborn child, and as he does so is miraculously cured. He goes off in the morning with the three kings to Bethlehem.

The music is distinctively Menottian—sometimes obvious but always packed with powerful melodic appeal. Composing for a twelve-year-old star was a problem. One choice was to keep all the singing roles simple and "wide-eyed"; another was to keep the boy's part easy, the others more florid. Menotti chose middle ground, and although he has some difficult singing (and acting) to do, curly-haired and clear-voiced little Chet Allen of Princeton's Columbus Boychoir carries it off beautifully. Menotti has no peer when it comes to setting the English language to music and, as always, makes every word understandable.

The first opera ever to be commissioned for TV, and first to be sponsored (Hallmark Cards), *Amahl* was given a production of care and quality, with Bosch-like sets and costumes by topnotch Designer Eugene Berman. Next step for *Amahl*: a stage première at the Indiana University Opera Workshop in February. After that, Menotti is thinking about the possibility of its being double-billed (perhaps with *The Medium*) at New York's City Center Opera.



MENOTTI DIRECTING KUHLMANN & ALLEN IN "AM AHL"
The old intensity in front of Bosch.



Chicago Herald-American—International

LASZLO HALASZ

He believes in slave driving.

Blowup at City Center

Laszlo Halasz felt pretty chipper about his New York City Opera Company. His fall season had just wound up in the black after seven weeks in Manhattan and four weeks on the road. Back from Chicago last week, Director Halasz asked to see his board chairman, Manhattan Lawyer Newbold Morris, about plans for the coming spring season. Chairman Morris and the board wanted to see Halasz too, but about a different matter: they gave him his choice of resigning or being fired.

There was no criticism of Halasz' musical achievements over the past eight years. He has been offering New Yorkers the liveliest opera bill in the U.S.—a wide and engaging repertory of old and new music, sung by bright young singers, many of whom Halasz discovered himself. But over the years, Halasz just did not seem able to get along with enough of his company. Only last month he riled some musicians in the case of the flying baton, which struck Concertmaster Alfred Brueining in the face, whether Halasz actually hurled it or let it slip (TIME, Dec. 10). And earlier last week, the American Guild of Musical Artists, headed by Lawrence Tibbett, had filed a protest with the board over Halasz' lofty treatment of his singers.

The board told Halasz it would honor his contract and pay his \$12,000 salary through the 1952-53 season if he resigned. Otherwise, he could sue for his salary. In that case he might get nothing; the board considered that it had a case for breaking his contract, on the ground that he had broken the company's morale.

Hungarian-born Laszlo Halasz, 46, admitted that he is a slave driver: "I believe in that." And he is often sarcastic ("Sing a B-flat rather than a flat B!"). But he could hardly believe his whole company was against him. Within 24 hours, he gathered 45 testimonial letters from sing-

ers, conductors, and musicians. City Opera's topnotch Conductor Jean Morel promptly announced his resignation in protest. Halasz refused to resign, demanded an open hearing. But the board's mind seemed to be made up. Conductor Joseph Rosenstock was named to direct the spring season, opening in mid-March.

Whatever happened next, the City Opera seemed to have been sawed right down the middle. It might take a long time to put it together again.

The Frozen Logger

Out in the Northwest logging country, in backwoods towns like Ohop, Duckabush and Cle Elum, the jukeboxes were booming last week with a new song that seemed ground out on Paul Bunyan's grindstone—the one that was so big that every time it turned three times it was payday again.

As narrated by the Weavers to a home-
ly little melody, there was a logger who
could eat baled hay if someone sprinkled
it with whisky. One night when it froze
clean through to China, he started off
home without his mackinaw. At 100 be-
low, he just buttoned his vest. But at
1,000 below, he froze solid. His sweet-
heart finally got tired of waiting for him,
and went looking for another man who
stirred his coffee with his thumb.

The new rage of the Northwest, *The Frozen Logger*, was written by a one-time mule Skinner, hobo poet and bull cook named Jim Stevens, one of the first men to set the tall tales of Paul Bunyan down on paper (1925). He wrote the lyrics in 1928, borrowed the melody of an old ballad to go with them. He finally got it published last year, and the folk-singing Weavers picked it up and boosted it into popularity. So much popularity, says Stevens, 59, that "I hear some of the boys in the woods are beginning to use their thumbs in the coffee again."



Billy Early—Picturescripts Ltd.
JIM STEVENS
The old trick with coffee

TIME, DECEMBER 31, 1951

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ART



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STUBBS'S "HAMBLETONIAN"
In Lincolnshire, cadavers.

Paddock Portraitist

At painting horses, his specialty over a career of more than 50 years, 18th Century English Artist George Stubbs was never headed by any other in the field. For a lot of Londoners last week, Stubbs's life-size portrait of the great English race horse, Hambletonian,² ran away with a big show of Royal Academy masterpieces. Alongside the drawing-room elegance of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence, Stubbs's picture of two grooms rubbing down the champion seemed as pleasantly direct and fresh as a breeze from green grass. Opined *Daily Mail* Critic Pierre Jeanneret: "The noblest picture of a horse ever done."

Stubbs's noble conception of horseflesh was based on painstaking, back-breaking labor. Born in 1724, when the study of zoology was still rudimentary, he rented an isolated farm in Lincolnshire, and bought up a series of horse cadavers. Disregarding their gamy condition, he propped them upright with a series of bars and hooks, which allowed him to adjust the position of the legs to simulate motion. Then he dissected them muscle by muscle. After 18 months of study and a set of minutely detailed drawings, his curiosity was satisfied. One result of his studies, an elaborate tome entitled *The Anatomy of the Horse*, was a landmark for artists and veterinarians alike.

Stubbs's diligent studies paid off in other ways. As England's recognized authority on horses, he was swamped with commissions from hard-riding country gentlemen for portraits of their favorite mounts. They were rarely disappointed. Such Stubbs champions as the Marquis of Rockingham's yellow sorrel, Whistlejacket, or the handsome grey, Gimcrack, are not only first-class paintings, but display an accuracy of detail that the most criti-

cal stableman still finds unexceptionable.

Stubbs's curiosity was not limited to horses. He was a qualified medical lecturer on human anatomy, did the technical illustrations for his friend Dr. John Burton's *Essay Towards a Complete New System of Midwifery*. He was a vigorous 75 when he executed his 7-by-12-ft. canvas of Hambletonian, after the horse's last triumphant win at Newmarket. Seven years later Stubbs died; his final ambitious project, half finished at his death, was to have been 30 anatomical tables contrasting the structure of the human body with that of the tiger and the fowl.

Pictures in Stone

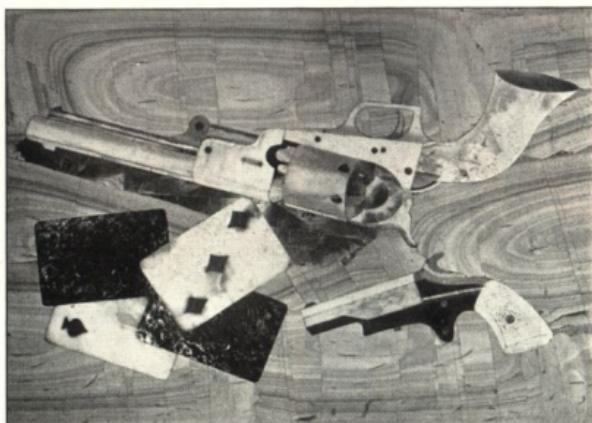
In its 16th Century heyday, the Imperial and Royal Institute of the Pietra Dura (Hard Stone) was one of the busiest places in Florence. The duties of its craftsmen members: turning out the intricate

designs of inlaid marble and semiprecious stones with which the Medici loved to decorate their palaces and chapels. After the Medici, the art, known as stone intarsia, went out of fashion; but a handful of institute members kept its difficult technique alive, occupied themselves mainly with repairing intarsia objects in Florentine museums and copying the old-fashioned designs.

Last week some strikingly new intarsia was on display in Manhattan. In place of the elaborate baroque scrolls, shells and garlands of the 16th and 17th Centuries, there were surrealist nudes reclining in desolate plateaus, a composition of pistols and playing cards after William Harnett, gay conglomerations of striped balloons, kites and butterflies—all laid out in marble, malachite, lapis lazuli.

The man who has done most to modernize the old Florentine craft is Artist Richard Blow, 47, of Manhattan. Five years ago, Blow, an old intarsia admirer and part-time resident of Florence, called together the few remaining craftsmen, convinced them that some new ideas might help revive their art. He offered financial help, the use of his studio, and a few of his own designs.

By now, five intarsia workshops in Florence, using the same age-old techniques for cutting, fitting and polishing the stone by hand, are supplying compositions to dealers in Florence and the U.S. Blow reports especially encouraging sales in Texas: "People from Texas are crazy about designs of pistols and playing cards." With his current exhibit almost sold out, Blow has already commissioned designs from Italian Painters Giorgio de Chirico and Massimo Campigli, is hoping to interest Picasso, Braque and Miro. "Intarsia may be a minor art," says bluff Dick Blow, "but hell, it's better to turn out a good piece of minor art than a bad piece of major art."



INTARSIA "GHOST TOWN"
From Texas, encouragement.

* Not to be confused with his distant cousin, Hambletonian 10, the famous 19th Century American trotting sire, for which the annual harness horse classic at Goshen, N.Y., is named.



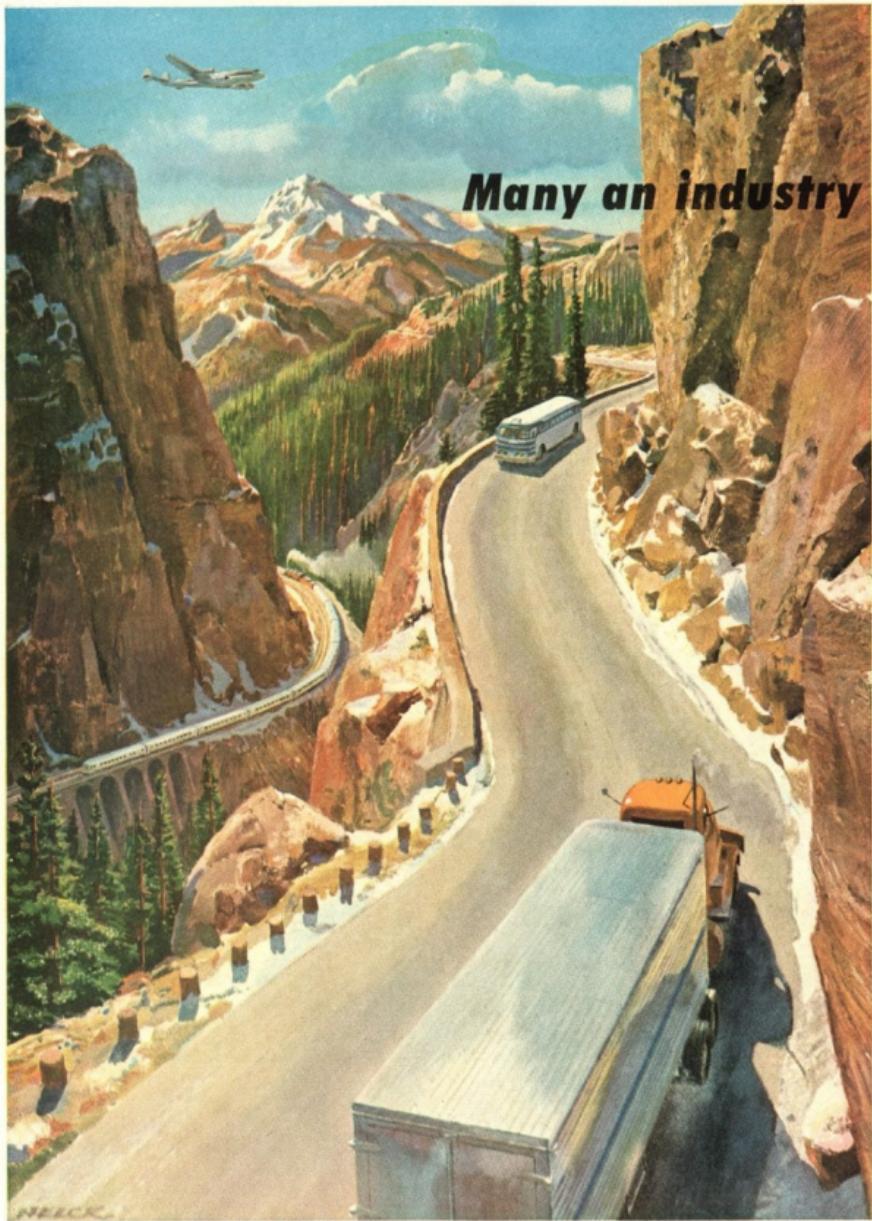
PUBLIC FAVORITES (7)

The Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Conn. is one of the nation's oldest art museums: next year it celebrates its 110th anniversary. Hartford's citizens prefer a fellow New Englander's painting to anything else in their museum. For them, John Singleton Copley's crisp, sympathetic portrait of *Mrs. Seymour Fort* is tops.

Copley learned to paint the hard way, by slow experimentation. In 1766 the young Bostonian wrote: "I think myself peculiarly unlucky in living in a place into which there has not

been one portrait brought that is worthy to be call'd a Picture, within my memory." However, in the absence of such Pictures, he hopefully concluded that his own paintings were "almost always good in proportion to the time I give them, provided I have a subject that is picturesque."

Much time must have gone into the achievement of the easy naturalness of Copley's portrait of Mrs. Fort. Nothing is known of the sitter, yet there is no denying that she made a "picturesque" subject—the epitome of wise, firm, kindly grandmothers.



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has found faster going

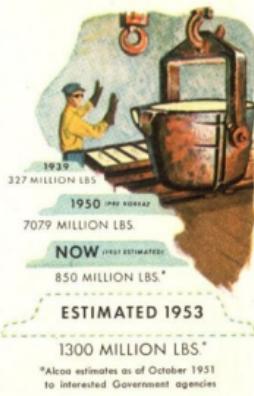
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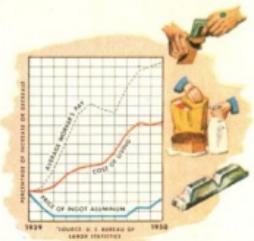
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to interested Government agencies

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SCIENCE

Physicist for Russia

When the allied armies raced toward Berlin in the spring of 1945, control of German territory was not the only big prize. Quietly but fiercely they competed with each other for the leaders of German science. One of those who disappeared into the silence of Soviet hospitality was Nobel Prize-winner Physicist Gustav Hertz. A few years later his colleagues heard that he had died in Russia.

Last week the *New York Times* announced that the reports of Dr. Hertz's death were false. Scandinavian and West German scientists, said the *Times*, have established contact with 64-year-old Physicist Hertz. They have letters postmarked



International

GERMANY'S HERTZ (1926)

Address: c/o General Delivery, Moscow.

Moscow, have seen pictures in which their old friend looks thinner but healthy.

Dr. Hertz's letters carry no complaints. They say that Premier Stalin has converted an old Czarist mansion in the Caucasus into a modern physics laboratory. There, along with some 200 Russian and German experts, Dr. Hertz is continuing his research in atomic energy, radar and supersonics. Scientists who used to exchange information with Dr. Hertz believe the *Times's* report. But after long collaboration with the German physicist, they have little hope of ever again sharing any technical information. Further communication with Dr. Hertz must be addressed "c/o General Delivery, Moscow."

Universal Laboratory

Scientists from twelve European nations gathered in UNESCO's mirrored conference room in Paris last week. Their purpose: to discuss the creation of an "Institute for Advanced Studies in Nuclear Research." Worried by the drift of

European scientists toward the secrecy-ridden research centers of the U.S., UNESCO wants a "universal" laboratory. All work would be published and no one would be concerned with atomic bombs.

Most Western European countries, and Yugoslavia, will contribute. Britain has offered the use of her new Liverpool synchro-cyclotron. Denmark will open the facilities of Copenhagen University. The U.S. has also offered its support. "But no one," said a UNESCO scientist, "considered it worthwhile to make inquiries in the Soviet Union."

Deus et Scientia

Shortly after Evensong one evening last week, a man in an overcoat climbed to the lectern of St. Paul's Cathedral and pointed a pistol toward the great dome. No one made a move to stop him. Two shots, shattering the gloom of the church, made a noise like an artillery barrage booming across nave and transept. For twelve seconds the reverberations echoed.

The man with the pistol was an engineer, demonstrating with blank shells what London churchgoers have known for generations—that St. Paul's acoustics are abominable. Sir Christopher Wren's imposing structure, completed in 1710, has never been right for psalms or sermons. Fine phrases bounce off the high stone walls, sound in some spots like garbled incomprehensible Latin. "Acoustically, St. Paul's is the worst cathedral in Europe," admits the Archdeacon of London, the Venerable O. H. Gibbs-Smith. "Except, of course, St. Peter's in Rome."

In times past, various public-address systems have been tried. Last week, after firing his pistol, the engineer tested the latest contribution of science to the celebration of religion. He spoke into the pulpit microphone and his words were carried to the crypt, where they were recorded on a magnetic disk. After appropriate delays (1/10, 1/20 and 1/40 of a second), they were rebroadcast from strategically located loudspeakers. The timing was such that the recorded speech reinforced rather than interfered with the words that came straight from the pulpit. Echoes were all but drowned out.* The result was faintly hollow and mechanical, but intelligible.

Although there are still troubles to be ironed out (e.g., too much amplification feeds sound from loudspeakers back to microphone, causing a loud, cacophonous howl), churchmen were favorably impressed. Now congregations should be able to listen to historic chants, sermons will sound as if they actually come from the pulpit, not from the older loudspeakers that were spotted under seats and in other improbable locations. The engineers, said Archdeacon Gibbs-Smith, have been clever enough to preserve "the sense of the numinous [consciousness of the Holy] which is so vital in divine worship."

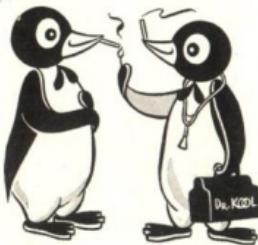
* St. Paul's most famed echo, in the Whispering Gallery, still echoes.



Throat so hot



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Smoking bet!



THROAT HOT?

Smoke KOOLs as your
steady smoke for that
clean, KOOL taste!

EDUCATION

Lazy by Nature

From the day he enrolled last summer at Memphis State College, 23-year-old John Robert Starr appeared to be a model student. A shaggy-haired ex-G.I. with a wife and two children, Starr managed to get As and Bs in all his courses. He was also sports editor of the college annual, wrote a column for the college paper, covered high-school sports for the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, and on Sundays held down a job as a reporter for the United Press. The dean's office thought his load was a heavy one, but saw no particular reason to ask Starr to ease it.

Then, last fortnight, the office began to hear some strange rumors about Student

life. Neither knew that promptly at 8:30 a.m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Starr would start out at Southwestern, attend courses until noon, then motorcycle over to State for classes until 3, or to one of his many jobs. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays he reversed the procedure, spending the morning at State and most afternoons at Southwestern.

As the months passed, Starr seemed to thrive under his double routine, even though it meant working far into the night and often over a bewildering assortment of courses—Greek for Southwestern, business law for State, biology for Southwestern, mythology for State. Meanwhile, he happily pursued his extracurricular jobs. He never lost a pound, never



Associated Press

STUDENT STARR & FAMILY
As and Bs and never a pound lost.

Starr—so strange, in fact, that at first the dean could not believe them. But just as a precaution, he called Starr in and asked him pointblank if the rumors were true. Yes, Starr admitted, they were: ever since he had been at State, he had also been a full-time student at Southwestern College, four miles away.

There, studying under the G.I. bill, he was well into his senior year, and his record was every bit as good as it was at State. He was making As and Bs, was sports editor of the annual, wrote a column for the paper, covered campus news for the *Appeal*. The only trouble with Southwestern, said Starr, was that it didn't keep him busy enough: "There were so many subjects I wanted to learn about. And being lazy by nature, I thought it would be good self-discipline to sign up for them." When Southwestern could not give him all the courses he wanted, he had simply enrolled at State, paying the tuition out of his own pocket.

Neither college suspected his double

appeared tired, and his work never fell off.

Last week, Memphis State decided that college policy could no longer permit such goings-on, and Starr reluctantly resigned from the campus. But that did not mean that he intended to change his habits much. "I've got to find something to do on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays now that I've left State," he said last week. "I'll just go crazy with all this time on my hands."

The Nature of Morality

For a good 20 years, Britons have looked on Sir Walter Moberly, principal of the new St. Catharine's College at Windsor, as one of their top educators. In the last three years, they have also come to think of him as one of their top Christian philosophers. His *Crisis in the University* (TIME, July 11, 1949) was a bold attempt to restore a sense of unity to higher education by restoring its sense of Christian purpose. Last week Britons were grappling with Sir Walter's latest work

(*Responsibility*; Oxford University Press)—an equally bold attempt to heal the split in society's sense of moral judgment.

Moralist Moberly's thesis, first spelled out in a series of lectures at the University of Durham, is based on the fact that there are two current conceptions of responsibility and hence of moral judgment. The lawyer-moralist has one idea. The psychologist has another. And society is torn between them.

Progress & Poison. To the psychologist, says Sir Walter, the proper approach to the delinquent is "therapeutic rather than juridical; the offender is to be regarded as a sick man to be healed rather than as a malefactor to be chastised . . . Ultimately then, all praise and blame are irrational." Bernard Shaw put the moral, says Sir Walter, when he once suggested that a man should no more be punished for having an inefficient conscience than for having an inefficient lung.

But to this argument the lawyer-moralist has a stern retort. First of all, punishment is an administrative necessity—an indispensable safeguard of civilized society. More important, "to condemn and punish offenders, to insist on their responsibility . . . is a phase of . . . bracing strictness which has an irreplacable educational value . . . With any individual, simply to accept his temperament and character as they are, and his impulses as they come, is death to moral progress . . . It is also disastrous to lead [a delinquent] to believe that he is more sinned against than sinning and to imply that strenuous moral effort on his own part is unnecessary. The maxim *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner* is poison here."

Merit & Demerit. Is the lawyer-moralist wholly right? According to Sir Walter, he is in many ways as wrong as the psychologist. At their worst, courtroom judgments are nonmoral, stressing too much the deed and too little the doer, treating the offender simply as a nuisance that must be removed. At their best, they are sub-Christian. "They witness to a moral order which commands a deep respect. But [they miss] the supreme heights of human experience . . . for [they leave] room for no gospel and no salvation . . ."

Above both judge and psychologist, says Sir Walter, "there is a distinctive, Christian approach to wrongdoing, which is based on a distinctive estimate of the nature of wrong and of the way to put it right . . . In the first place 'Sin,' as the Christian conceives it, differs from 'Crime' not only in degree but in kind. It is a morbid condition of the whole self rather than a series of overt acts . . . In a certain sense, personal responsibility . . . is here at its most extreme . . . It is an obligation to answer not only for particular acts or omissions but . . . for the tenor of a whole life . . . It involves an admission of total moral bankruptcy, a plea of 'Guilty' without mitigating circumstances . . ."

"Put Things Right." Though the "developed Christian conscience is severe towards self, [it is] compassionate towards others." In judging others, the Christian once again looks beyond the deed and

"Where do they come from? Where do they go?"



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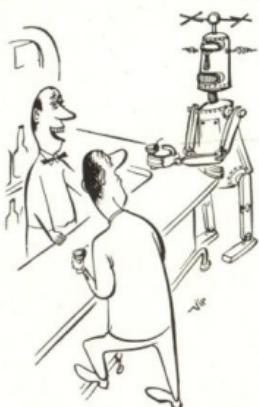
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to

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GOING ABROAD?

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cierges in all principal cities of the world.

fixes on the doer, "the essential man, made in God's image . . . Exact assessment of each offender's ill-desert is not in the foreground of his attention. The responsibility of which he is chiefly conscious is his own responsibility for doing something to put things right . . ."

In putting things right, the Christian partially agrees with the psychologist. He, too, puts the criminal above the crime, is not primarily concerned with "settling a bill in accordance with some tariff." But unlike the psychologist, he does not regard guilt as "an illusion, a form of groundless self-torment." He regards it rather as indispensable, for "in the life of the soul no magic wand is waved, no slate is simply sponged." The Christian's final responsibility is not to abolish the delinquent's guilt—the one means of redemption—but to share it. "He will regard his own possible part in the other's rehabilitation as strictly subordinate, since ultimately all will depend on the issue of a dialogue between the man himself and God. The Christian's own effort will be to provide an environment in which God's voice may be easily heard. He will try to bring the outcast into a circle of Christian fellowship, in which 'Charity' is the main spring of action."

Oxford v. Norfolk

Two young students from Britain, members of the Oxford University debating team, stood one evening last week outside the Norfolk State Prison Colony, 15 miles southwest of Boston, and gazed up at the big concrete walls. "I have one ancestor who was a murderer," said Richard Taverne. Said William Rees-Mogg: "My only criminal ancestor was a bigamist in the 18th Century." After delivering themselves of these genealogical notes, the two Britons marched up to the gatehouse and went inside. After a 2½-month undefeated tour of U.S. campuses, the Oxoniens were making one of their last U.S. appearances—this time with the Norfolk prison debating team.

Norfolk was more than ready for them. Its two star debaters, Murdo the Robber and Bill the Bad Check Passer, had spent weeks getting ready for the occasion. They had studied in the library, written to Washington and the American Medical Association, pored over reams of statistics and dozens of reports. Like Oxford, Norfolk had an honorable record to uphold. In 16 years of "intercollegiate" debating, it had taken on such teams as Harvard, Princeton and M.I.T. Its score: 34 victories, 4 draws, only 14 defeats.

Question of Distribution. Norfolk had never encountered anything quite like Oxford before, and by 6:30 p.m. the big auditorium was packed with 400 convicts, all staring fixedly at their two guests. After a few remarks by the chaplain ("I wish this could be a home & hope debate"), Charlie the Program Chairman (armed robbery) introduced the speakers, and Francis the Timekeeper (housebreaking) started his stop watch. The question of the evening: "Resolved that this house recognize the need for a free national



Peter Anderson

SIR WALTER MOBERLY
"No slate is simply sponged."

health service." First speaker for the affirmative: Oxford's Richard Taverne.

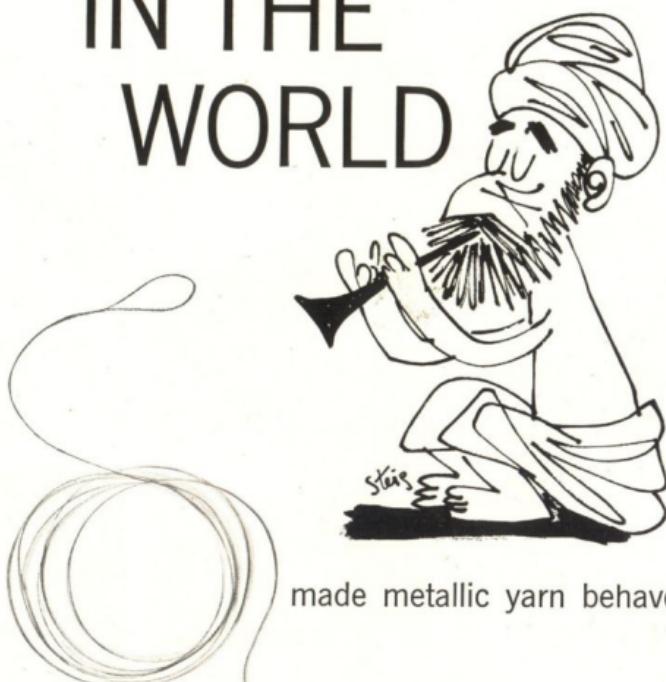
Taverne conceded that the U.S. had an excellent health record. But "the question," said he, "is whether the medical services are adequately distributed." He pointed out that in U.S. states with poor medical service, the death rate is noticeably higher.

Murdo the Robber, primed by the A.M.A., was also armed with statistics, all proving what a dismal failure a socialized health plan would be, compared to laissez-faire U.S. medicine. Oxford's Rees-Mogg was ready with an answer. "The best preventive medicine," said he, "is early diagnosis. The best way to encourage people to do this is to make medical services free. People will go to the doctors when they do not have to pay."

Political Camouflage. Finally, Bill the Check Passer rose to speak, and his argument was just the sort of thing his audience understood. "Guests of Norfolk, voluntary and involuntary," he began, "a free national health service will not make medical services better, but worse. The neurotics and malingerers will swamp our doctors and make it impossible for them to tend the really sick. I have been an unwilling native in a socialist Utopia for some time, and I know it will not work . . . This talk of free service is just political camouflage."

At the end of the arguments, the Oxoniens had to admit that their worthy opponents were worthier than they had expected ("They're extraordinarily good, you know," said Rees-Mogg). The judges—former Governor William S. Flynn of Rhode Island, Justice Harold Williams of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and Dean Erwin N. Griswold of the Harvard Law School—apparently agreed. Their unanimous decision: victory for Norfolk—the first U.S. team to defeat the gentlemen from Oxford.

WHO IN THE WORLD



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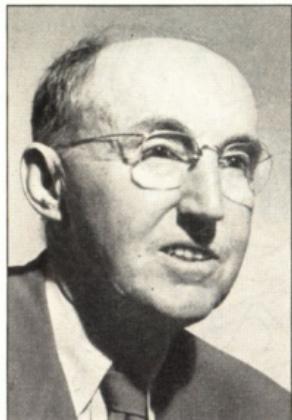
THE DOBECKMUN COMPANY *Cleveland, Ohio*

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THE PRESS

According to Hoiles

Over his San Juan newsstand in Texas' lower Rio Grande Valley, Quentin Newcombe tacked a sign: "The Valley Evening Monitor, the Valley Morning Star and the Brownsville *Herald* are . . . against our American public-school system. Buy other newspapers and help them strangle.



Jack Birns—Graphic House
PUBLISHER HOILES
In the valley, bitterness.

our valley." The "carpetbagger" Newcombe meant is 73-year-old Raymond Cyrus Hoiles, a pinch-faced Californian who looks and acts as if he had just bitten into an unripe persimmon.

Until three months ago, few valley Texans had ever heard of Hoiles. Then, for \$2,000,000, his Freedoms Newspapers Inc. bought the three main valley dailies—the Brownsville *Herald*, Harlingen's *Morning Star* and McAllen's *Evening Monitor* (total circ. 37,500). From his Santa Ana, Calif., headquarters, old "R.C." himself rode into the valley on a bus to reshape the papers according to Hoiles. He threw out Drew Pearson's column, replaced him with Fulton Lewis, George Sokolsky, and his own column. His favorite campaign: a bitter, continuous assault on public schools on the ground that free, tax-supported education violates the Ten Commandments. Taxing those who do not use public schools, he says, is stealing.

Violent Objections. To readers of the seven other papers in Hoiles's string[®] of small-city dailies, such crackpot cerebrations have come to be part of the routine

grist from the Hoiles mill, to be taken with the news. Among other Hoiles convictions: Herbert Hoover and the National Association of Manufacturers are too leftist, churches are socialistic, majority rule should be abolished, and so should aid to Europe, all involuntary taxes, and unions. Most of his readers have no choice but to read Hoiles papers; in nine of the ten cities, there is no competition. But there have been violent objections. Four times his plants have been struck. Once his home was bombed.

Residents of the valley took different action. Meetings protested Hoiles' stand. The McAllen P.T.A. sent parents a statement which suggested canceling subscriptions "to a paper which denounces . . . public schools." The *Monitor* lost 2,000 readers; circulations of the others also slid.

Harmless Crackpot? Then Houston Lawyer-Industrialist Roy Hofheinz, 39, who had opened a 50,000-watt radio station, KSOX, in Harlingen, joined the attack on Hoiles in an all-out crusade over the air. His station also began taking ads away from the Hoiles papers. Partly because he was pinched by this competition, and partly because they disagreed with him, Hoiles fired the three editors who had stayed on when he bought the papers.

Radioman Hofheinz broadcast a defense of the editors, added: "There may be those who say that Hoiles is a harmless crackpot. A man backed with a reputed \$20 million and a chain of newspapers cannot be classed as a harmless crackpot." It looked as if Hoiles might have to mend his editorials, if he wanted to stay in the valley.

New Face in the *Mirror*

London's tabloid *Daily Mirror* is Britain's earthiest daily and the world's biggest (circ. 4,500,000). Until last week, its undisputed boss was 67-year-old Harry Guy Bartholomew, who was responsible for its pepper-pot tone and all-out backing of Labor. Last week, after 50 years on the *Mirror*, "Mister Bart" was out. He was retiring, said the board of directors, because of his "advancing years and an earnest desire to promote the advancement of younger men." Actually, at a turbulent meeting of the *Mirror* board, Mister Bart was voted out of power.

Fleet Street buzzed with explanations. Even though he had doubled the circulation of the *Mirror* and boosted the circulation of its even gaudier *Sunday Pictorial* (\$5,000,000) almost 70% since war's end, many a Fleet Street thought he had tried to tackle too much. The *Mirror* has bought paper mills in Canada, a string of newspapers in Africa and Australia and a chain of Australian radio stations. Mister Bart had also started a labor weekly, *Public Opinion*, to challenge the left-wing *New Statesman* and *Nation* and Bevanite London *Tribune*. *Public Opinion* folded, and the *Mirror* also lost on some of the other ventures: Mister Bart's close friendship with Labor Foreign Minister Herbert

Morrison became embarrassing, especially after Morrison flopped on his job. The *Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial* had claimed a big share in Labor's 1945 victory and its return to power in 1950, and Fleet Street whispered that the paper had become Morrison's mouthpiece. Finally the *Mirror* was sued for libel by Winston Churchill, for labeling him a warmonger during the last election.

To succeed Mister Bart, *Mirror* directors named 51-year-old Cecil Harmsworth King,[®] a veteran newsman who has been everything on the paper from junior reporter to picture boss and advertising director. Oxford-educated Chairman King is no socialist, but no Tory either. He was one of Mister Bart's chief executives in the mid-'30s when the *Mirror* swung from a right-wing position into the socialist camp. But now a new swing is starting. Said King: "There'll be no change noticeably in either the layout or the politics of the paper. But the *Mirror* must move with the times or come to a sticky end." Since the times in Britain had moved right, it looked as if the *Mirror* would edge over a bit too.

Shaking the Empire

"We are trying," said Publisher William Randolph Hearst Jr., "to do away with the oldish elements that have crept into our operations." And so the Hearst empire was getting the biggest shaking up in years. As the "oldish elements" were swept



European
PUBLISHER HEARST
At the top, objectivity.

out, so were many of the oldish ideas of the late W. R. Hearst.

Over the wires to the editors of his 18 daily and Sunday papers, Bill Hearst sent orders for more local stories and editorials, more straight news reporting ("Avoid bias or lack of objectivity"). Some papers

* Nephew of the late great Lord Northcliffe (whose name was Harmsworth).

MEDICINE

started using a more conservative make-up. Even the familiar "must-go" editorials, once the staple of every Hearst editorial page, have been reduced.

"What's Our Policy?" Hearst editors have already dropped some of the most cherished campaigns of the Chief and his great & good friend Marion Davies.⁹ Less than a week after Hearst died, the Los Angeles *Examiner* printed its last blast against vivisection, and other papers in the chain also dropped the subject. When a Milwaukee *Sentinel* staffer asked, "What's our policy now on McCarthy?" Managing Editor J. J. Packman replied: "We have no policy on McCarthy. Play the story for what it's worth."

Along with urging his papers to push more local issues, Bill Hearst has also been busy reshuffling his high command. He moved Washington Bureau Chief Edward C. Lapping in as executive editor of the ailing *Chicago Herald-American*. When Publisher Hearst dropped the empire's *Saturday Home Magazine*, Lapping put out his own Sunday supplement. Into the top spot on Pittsburgh's *Sun-Telegraph* went Albert E. Dale, a veteran Hearst editor who left twelve years ago, worked for NBC, also did public relations. Lee Ettelson, former executive editor of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, moved over to run the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, and more changes are in the offing for Detroit and other cities. But the biggest shake-up of all came to the *American Weekly*, once the brightest jewel in the Hearst diadem.

Candybox-Cover Girls. The *Weekly's* advertising was ebbing and its circulation (still a giant 9,666,680) had dipped under that of its chief competitor, *This Week*. To pull it out of the slump, Publisher Hearst called in a magazine specialist, Ernest V. Heyn, 47, who founded and edited *Modern Screen* for Dell publications, started *Sport* for Macfadden. Some drastic changes showed up in last week's issue of the *Weekly*. Heyn got rid of the *Weekly's* old-fashioned clothes by dumping the wispy, candybox-cover girls. A new editorial diet replaced the oldtime brew of bloodshed, bosoms and pseudo-science that had built the *Weekly* up in its heyday, but let it down in its old age. (The first *Weekly* editor, Morrill Goddard, regularly held up as a model to his writers the famed *Weekly* headline: NAILED HER FATHER'S HEAD TO THE FRONT DOOR.) The *Weekly* began to run more how-to-do-it features on fashions, homemaking, health and beauty.

So far, such Hearst magazines as *Harper's Bazaar*, *House Beautiful* and *Good Housekeeping* have not been touched by the new broom. But their turn may come. A new editor and other new staffers have already moved in on Hearst's *American Druggist* and it will soon come out fortnightly instead of monthly.

* Who has kept out of Hearstpaper affairs, except as a \$1-a-year adviser (*TIME*, Nov. 5). The first sign of her advice: when her friend Sonja Henie opened her ice show on the West Coast, the San Francisco *Examiner* ran feature stories for four straight days, the *Call-Bulletin* headlined a rave review: SONJA'S ICE SHOW WINS HEART OF S.F.

"Glutaril Cas. 20%"

At 34, Dr. Giovanni Pauleta was head of all microbiological research at Carlo Erba, Milan's big chemical-pharmaceutical company. Recognized as one of Italy's topflight microbiologists, he was one of the first to study penicillin mold in Italy. Dr. Pauleta's colleagues also knew him as a dedicated and fearless experimenter who had used himself as a guinea pig hundreds of times. But the doctor never talked much about his experiments. "He was a very modest man," his colleagues said.

One morning last week, Dr. Pauleta walked into his office and called his assistant, 25-year-old Dr. Angelo Cresseri. He showed him a bottle of colorless liquid



MICROBIOLOGIST PAULETA
It worked on guinea pigs.

marked "Glutaril cas. 20%." It was a new formula, said Dr. Pauleta. He filled a large syringe with the liquid and ordered Assistant Cresseri to give him an intramuscular injection in the thigh.

No one at Carlo Erba knew exactly what the new formula was. Pauleta had reported only that he was working on a new antibiotic and had tried it on guinea pigs with favorable results.

Dr. Pauleta's assistant gave him the injection and turned back to his desk. Ten minutes later he heard violent, racking coughs. Pauleta was grasping his throat as if choking. He blurted out, "Call Dr. Banderai," and lost consciousness. The doctor gave him artificial respiration, injected two doses of heart stimulant. An ambulance rushed him to a hospital where his chest was opened, his heart massaged. Nothing helped. Within an hour after the injection, Dr. Pauleta was dead.

What was glutaril cas. 20%? At week's end, the police had not yet succeeded in

getting an analysis of what was left in the bottle. Dr. Pauleta's colleagues guessed that it might be an antibiotic of the chloromycetin group. They were helping police sift through the dead man's papers, to see if Dr. Pauleta had left any notes about it.

At War with Frostbite

In 10° Korean cold last week, a group of intent men prowled through frontline aid stations asking questions, leafing through records, occasionally taking blood samples from G.I.s on litters. The men were no ordinary medics, but specialists from a 26-man Army-Navy-Air Force Cold Weather Injury Team. Their job is to study current treatments for frostbite and look for new ways of attacking it.

So far, the Army has used two basic treatments. In one—the "let-alone method"—the frostbitten tissue is gently cleaned and dressed loosely. The patient gets 300,000 units of penicillin and an anti-tetanus injection, and is then evacuated to a hospital where he is kept in a room at 75° temperature and forbidden to smoke (smoking lowers skin temperature, slows down recovery by hampering circulation in the extremities). The second method follows most of the same rules but adds four injections a day of "frostbite solution"—250 ccs of alcohol, procaine, and, unless the man is wounded, the anti-coagulant, heparin, in a 5% solution of glucose and water.

The Pentagon sent its cold-weather team to Korea two months ago, before the first cold casualties began moving back to evacuation points. The team worked out a plan for two members to serve with each of the Army's mobile field hospitals, testing half a dozen new drugs on frostbite cases. At base hospitals, nutritionists are checking soldiers' diets to determine the effect of vitamin C in frostbite recovery. In still other experiments, radar waves are being beamed at frozen arms & legs to find out how deep the injury goes; fluorescent dyes are being injected around frostbitten skin to discover the exact extent of the freeze. Both the radar and dye tests should help a surgeon to decide whether amputation is necessary, and if so, how much must be cut.

Up front, the cold-weather men live in foxholes to find out how frostbite creeps up on troops, and whether the Army's new insulated, gum-rubber shoepacks are working effectively. Special weather stations have been set up to chart temperature, humidity and wind velocity every hour, day & night. The information is checked against the flow of field casualties to determine the exact conditions under which frostbite occurs. Everywhere, team members ask a steady stream of questions: Did your feet perspire? Were you asleep? How were you dressed?

By next June, the cold-weather team hopes to be able to tell the Pentagon, once & for all, the best way to treat frostbite, and how best to prevent it.

THE THEATER



declines the gambit for fear of being hurt. Vivien Leigh's Cleopatra is a willful, naughty, coaxing, charming child, more fully characterized than Lilli Palmer's perfect cuddling kitten, but almost as much *enfant terrible* as budding *femme fatale*.

Serpent of the Nile. The second night brought far vaster sweep, but greater sprawl. A marvel of language, full of what Coleridge called Shakespeare's "angelic strength," *Antony* with its 42 scenes is also full of history's tumultuous, haphazard movement. Not angelic wings, but seven-league boots are needed for this panoramic drama of conquests and civil wars that is even more a chronicle of power than it is of passion. The characters are uniformly worldlings, plotters, pakers, betrayers; even Antony is destroyed by lust, not love; and Cleopatra is as devious as she is passionate. *Antony and Cleopatra* is really less the sequel of *Caesar and Cleopatra* than of Shakespeare's own *Julius Caesar*. And in this checkered struggle for domination, it is not wisdom that triumphs in the end (Caesar lies bleeding in the Capitol), nor idealism (Brutus is dead by his own hand), nor passion (Antony and Cleopatra are dead by theirs); what triumphs is the cold calculation of Octavius Caesar.

Understandably, the Oliviers' *Antony* is a high-romantic one, less of the world than of the world-well-lost. Olivier as Antony is impulsive, audacious, angry, half-aging lion and half-untamed whelp; he is not—as Godfrey Tearle was so brilliantly—an assured leader with the weakened fiber and amorous susceptibilities of late middle age. As Antony, Olivier is a good actor, but not the architect of a commanding role. Vivien Leigh's Cleopatra is an all-too-believable enchantress—mercurial, irresistible, even royal; only not of Shakespearean depth and stature. Actress Leigh mistakes mere emotionalism for intensity; she intones—while

The Egyptian

When Laurence Olivier & Vivien Leigh decided to do Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* for last summer's Festival of Britain, Stage Designer Roger Furse jokingly suggested that they do Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* as well. They smiled at the idea but were quickly haunted by it; and in due time the two *Cleopatras* became the sensation of the festival. Long before they opened in Manhattan last week, to rave reviews and a \$900,000 advance, they had become a Broadway sensation as well.

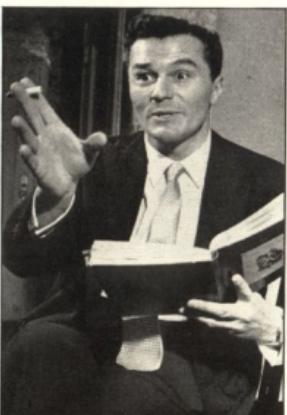
The thing was such a bright idea, it comes off such a brilliant stunt, it boasts in the Oliviers so much added aura, that the superlatives can't help spilling over into what should be more temperate zones. The productions have their admirable virtues; the stars have their expected lure. But this is no such event as was Olivier's *Oedipus Rex* on his last visit to Broadway. And far from blotting out a recent *Caesar* on Broadway (with Cedric Hardwicke and Lilli Palmer) or a recent *Antony* (with Godfrey Tearle and Katharine Cornell), the present productions will be constantly—and not always favorably—compared to the earlier ones. What is really important is doing two such plays together. Shaw's emerges as so good that what should be stressed is how vividly it differs from Shakespeare's rather than how it necessarily falls short. It sets some of the sharpest prose in the modern theater against some of the greatest poetry of all time; *Caesar* underscores the impotence of wisdom where *Antony* dramatizes the tragedy of folly.

Kitten on the Sphinx. On the first of the two nights, audiences saw a Cleopatra who was a mere frisking kitten with claws.

Caesar is the central thing in *Caesar and Cleopatra*, the central thing for Cleopatra herself. The musing middle-aged stranger she addresses, between the paws of the Sphinx, as "Old gentleman," keeps her his doting pupil in queenship, but will not risk his heart. A Roman eagle Caesar is, but like the eagle, bald, and wearing a laurel wreath as a toupee. He is in any case beyond wearing laurel wreaths for show; he knows too well that the only true conqueror is the conqueror worm. Caesar is that type that always fascinated Shaw, the successful man of action. And Shaw molded Caesar nearer to his mind's desire: made him notable not for warmth but for lack of heat, not for humanity but for hate of inhumanity.

Yet the resemblances between this Caesar and Shaw mean less than the differences between this Caesar and actual Caesarianism. This Caesar's is roughly a philosophy of Right Needs Might, but the philosophy is not, with him, a pretext for dictatorship. Shaw's Caesar, if not history's, has no other course for checking the violence, the will-to-rule, the lust-to-kill of everybody—the young Cleopatra not least—he encounters. Indeed, the exultantly upraised swords and the hysterical shouts of "Hail Caesar" at the final curtain are less Caesar's moment of triumph than of defeat. The voice of reason is always drowned out, all too soon will "Ave, Caesar" become "Et tu, Brute."

Rich in comedy, farce, opera and extravaganza though the play may be, at bottom it is melancholy and autumnal. Actor Olivier, indeed, represents Caesar as stooped, weary, elderly—an excellent piece of acting, but a doubtful interpretation. For (what surely Shaw never intended) Olivier's Caesar is a man past being tempted by a minx, rather than one who



Roy Stevens
DIRECTOR BENTHALL
Dramatized: the tragedy of folly.



SHAKESPEARE'S ANTONY & CLEOPATRA (LAURENCE OLIVIER & VIVIEN LEIGH)

Larry Burrows



SHAW'S CLEOPATRA & CAESAR

Larry Burrows

RADIO & TELEVISION



Eileen Darby—Graphic House
CEDRIC HARDWICKE AS CAESAR (1949)
Compared, but not blotted out.

half-violating—some of her greatest lines.

Though the supporting cast is not notable, the mechanics of production are. Unlike *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, which starts racing with the very first scene, *Antony* lacks pickup. But Director Michael Bentall, linking scene to scene with processional figures on a revolving stage, gives the play constant flow. Designer Furse's sets are good-looking and practical; Herbert Menges' music has genuine appeal.

Shaw's play—which is actually the better stage piece—provides the better evening. The scope and magic in Shakespeare's that Shaw cannot achieve, the production can only partially convey.

Futures

The current Broadway season, with 30 openings so far, is one of the leanest on record. It will not get much fatter in the months ahead, and most of its dramatic weight will be supplied by revivals. Some of them:

¶ Three two-week productions of the New York City Drama Festival: Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, with Maurice Evans and Diana Lynn; Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*, with Celeste Holm; Clemence Dane's *Come of Age*, with Judith Anderson.

¶ An American National Theater and Academy production of O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*, with Karl Malden and Douglas Watson.

¶ John O'Hara's *Pal Joey* (music by Richard Rodgers), with Vivienne Segal, who also starred in the original 1940 cast.

¶ Among the productions new to Broadway will be: Laurence Olivier's production of Christopher Fry's *Venus Observed*, with Lilli Palmer and Rex Harrison; *Fancy Meeting You Again*, a play about reincarnation by George S. Kaufman and Leueen MacGrath; Herman's *The Caine Mutiny*; Wouk's *Modern Primitive*; Enid (National Velvet) Bagnold's *Gertie*, starring Glyn Johns.

Close to Zero

TVmen get their most persistent needling from the National Association of Educational Broadcasters. Last January N.A.E.B. monitored all the shows telecast by New York City stations during a week-long period and found that the cultural content was approximately zero (TIME, Feb. 5). Last week N.A.E.B. reported its findings in a similar study of TV in the Los Angeles area. Items:

¶ More than a quarter of TV time is devoted to adult drama (mostly feature films).

¶ Domestic shows (cooking, shopping, etc.) account for 16%.

¶ News got 12%, but two-thirds of it concerned the local kidnap-murder of ten-year-old Patricia Jean Hull.

¶ Variety, and children's programs (mostly westerns) got 10% each.

¶ The total for religion, public events and weather: less than 3%.

¶ The total for the fine arts: approximately zero.

Experiment in Realism

The star of the show was a moron (Don Hammer) who didn't know his own age. The heroine (Olive Deering) was a mink-laden doxy with a pronounced streak of masochism. Joshua Shelley played an embittered musician who got a joyless amusement from baiting the moron. With this gallery of Jukes and Kalilikaks, *Danger* (Tues. 10 p.m., CBS-TV) last week put on one of the most controversial of the year's TV dramas.

It was called *The Lady on the Rock*, and not all of its viewers liked it. The sponsor (Block Drug Co., Inc.) winced under a barrage of protests, ranging from charges that the show "set back the education of retarded children by ten years," to complaints about "unpleasant realism." One critic demanded that CBS send a kinescope to New York's Governor Dewey as Exhibit A in an argument for TV censorship. Nor were network executives and admens comforted by the fact that they got as many compliments as brickbats. In the complex world of commercial television, one boo means far more than 100 bravos, because it may represent someone who is so mad he'll refuse to buy the sponsor's product.

What was good about *The Lady on the Rock* was Author Arnold Schulman's vivid re-creation of an off-Broadway gin mill, a place alive with the yelps of syncopation, and feverish with the cynical wisecracks of men afraid they may have missed the last boat to Success. The story was the familiar one of the simpleton who, mistaking tolerance for affection and pity for love, belatedly learns the world's true opinion of him. It ended with the moron sprawled beaten and blubbering on a city street, abandoned by the girl who had been momentarily kind, and discarded by his only friend, the embittered musician.

The men responsible for televising this

mildly Chekhovian drama: Producer Charles Russell, 32, and Director Sidney Lumet, 27. As ex-actors (Lumet was a child player in the 1935 Broadway hit, *Dead End*), they are more interested in character than plot, and *Danger* is chiefly distinguished for fine camera work, the haunting theme music of Guitarist Tony Mottola, and a leaning toward psychological melodrama. Disconcerted by the response to *The Lady on the Rock*, Russell & Lumet may call a halt to further experiments in realism, get back in the groove with the uncomplicated mayhem and murder that are the staple of TV's suspense shows.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Dec. 28. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Lily Pons, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Giuseppe Valdengo.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, with Alan Webb, Margaret Phillips.

Rose Bowl Football Game (Tues. 4:45 p.m., NBC; also on TV). Illinois v. Stanford.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). *Girl in a Million*, with Joan Caulfield, John Forsythe.

All Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Jimmy Durante, with Helen Traubel.

Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis.

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse (Wed. 10 p.m., ABC). Korean documentary: Hill 346.



Martha Holmes

Russell & Lumet
One boo means more than 100 bravos.

SPORT

The Playoff

At half-time, thanks to a fabulous 52-yd. field goal* by Lou ("The Toe") Groza, the Cleveland Browns led the Los Angeles Rams, 10-7. A year ago, when the two teams played for the National Football League championship, it was Groza's unerring toe which won the game, 30-28, in the last 30 seconds of play. In this week's playoff game at Los Angeles' huge Coliseum, football history seemed to be repeating itself.

But the Rams, championship playoff victims two years running, started rewriting the script in the second half. Against a team that had never lost a championship game—the Browns won four straight titles in the defunct All-American Conference—the hard-charging Ram line kept Cleveland's famed quarterback, Otto Graham, constantly bottled up. At the end of the third quarter the Rams were tied, 17 all, with the mighty Browns. The payoff play: a 72-yd. scoring pass from Ram Substitute Quarterback Norman Van Brocklin to End Tom Fears. The new champions: the Rams, by a score of 24-17.

Olympic Figures

Only four of the five judges wore the traditional tam-o'-shanter caps, but all five were traditionalist enough to get down on their hands & knees to peer and poke at the curlicues of ice shavings. The occasion, solemnified at Indianapolis last week by the undignified postures of the judges: the figure skating tryouts for the U.S. Olympic team.

Four-time World Champion Dick Button, an automatic qualifier, was there for

* The professional football record: 34 yards, by Detroit's Glenn Presnell in 1934.

an exhibition. But the real interest centered on the purposeful tussle among a group of teen-age girls, each intent on earning one of the three team placings, and hopeful of following in the Olympic skating steps of such glamour girls as Sonja Henie and Barbara Ann Scott.* After the required "school" figures, which count 60% toward the final standings, three of the girls stood head & shoulders above the rest of the field:

Tenley Albright, 16, of Newton Center, Mass., a blue-eyed blonde who did her practicing in leopard-skin tights, but put on a more conservative black & red outfit for the competition. A Boston Skating Club protégée of Old Pro Willie Frick, willowy (5 ft. 6 in., 120 lbs.) Tenley Albright recovered well enough from a 1947 attack of polio to be runner-up in this year's nationals.

Sonya Klopfer, 17, of Long Island City, N.Y., a solid little brunette who is fond of malteds and doughnuts, got her first name, despite the difference in spelling, out of her mother's unbounded admiration for Sonja Henie. Sonya specializes in free-style skating—"The finest free skater of her age in the world today," said the conservative British *Skating World*, after her third-place performance in the 1951 World Championship. Sonya is the current North American and U.S. titleholder.

Virginia Baxter, 19, of Detroit, a freshman at Michigan State, who carefully arranges her classroom schedule so that she can practice five hours a day. A tiny (5 ft. 1 in., 110 lbs.) honey blonde, Virginia was the 1948 junior champion, was seventh in the 1950 World Championships.

* Currently Sonja's successor (after 15 years) in the Hollywood Ice Revue (TIME, Dec. 24).



Tony Garnet

CHARLIE BURR
He joined an exclusive fraternity.

Among her chief interests, after skating: "Swimming, men and clothes."

In the free-style part of the competition, Sonya's dazzling jumps, spins and double loops earned her top honors. Tenley was second. Said third-place Virginia: "I'm on a cloud." Joining incomparable Dick Button on the men's team: angular Jimmy Grogan, 20, of Colorado Springs, a frequent runner-up to Button, and Hayes Alan Jenkins, 18, a freshman at Northwestern University.

Shy Terror

Jockey Charlie Burr put aside his comic book, settled back more comfortably in his deck chair, and surveyed his pleasant surroundings. Florida sunshine warmed his skinny (5 ft. 3 in., 101 lbs.) frame; the flowers of Tropical Park—hibiscus, crotons, ixora—bloomed in profusion around the track; banks of clipped Australian pine lined the clubhouse drive. This, he decided, was the life—a far cry from his boyhood years on the farm in Kansas. Last week, just two months after he lost his apprentice allowance (a five-pound weight concession), Charlie Burr entered an exclusive fraternity: he became the seventh American jockey to ride 300 winners in a year.*

Charlie got there by starting early in life: "I've been riding since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. Grandmother and Daddy gave me a saddle horse when I was six." By the time Charlie was eleven, he had ridden his first winner in a quarter-horse race at Ponca City, Okla. Riding for his uncle, Clarence ("Shorty") Burr, young Charlie barnstormed all over Kansas, Ok-



SONYA KLOPFER
Her mother admired a star.

Robert Lavelle

* The other six: Walter Miller (388 in 1906 and 334 in 1907), V. Powers (324 in 1908), Jack Westrope (301 in 1933), Johnny Longden (316 in 1947 and 319 in 1948), Willie Shoemaker and Joe Culmone (388 in 1950).

Iahoma, Texas and Missouri in the rough & ready quarter-horse circuit.

It was good training for the big time. Charlie learned to use his big hands ("They've milked many a cow") to get the most out of a race horse, and he learned how to deal with rival jockeys. Off the track, Charlie is a shy little fellow with a guileless grin; on horse, he is a hot-tempered terror. This year he got a nine-day suspension for slashing a jockey, got another ten days for causing a spill, was fined \$200 for cussing out another rider, and was out of action for 48 days with a broken wrist after a three-horse pile-up. His slashing style ("If you're not squawling at the jockeys, you're squawling at your horse") may have cost him some winners, but Charlie Burr, at 17, can afford to be philosophic about it: his 301 winners and some 700 other mounts this year have netted him more than \$35,000.

The Payoff

When Kansas State College wanted a good passing quarterback, it went to market to buy one. Top-grade quarterbacks come high, but Kansas State was able & willing to pay. Last week, speaking at a Wichita club dinner, Kansas State's former Coach Ralph Graham told his little story of commercialism in big-time college football:

"To get this passer I sent a coach to the junior college Little Rose Bowl game in California. Another went to Texas and the Juco Bowl game there. Still another went up to Iowa. One of my coaches found a passer in Texas. He was a real honey. We had this prospect flown to the campus. We paid all expenses, fed him steaks and introduced him to all the important alumni.

"During the spring practice game, he was about set to attend K-State. Then he mentioned owing \$800 on his car. The boosters [a group of alumni] agreed to pay that. Then he wanted something extra besides the \$75 legally allowed by the conference. They agreed to pay him \$125 extra [*i.e.*, \$200 in all] per month. He needed an apartment. They agreed to provide a three-room apartment across from the Nichols Gymnasium at \$90 a month, rent paid.

"We thought we were set. Then this passer disclosed he needed summer school to become eligible." The eager boosters, dazzled by the passer's ability and plainly charmed by his ingenuous requests for money, promptly sent him to Texas' Tyler Junior College. The boosters paid his tuition and fees and, just to make sure that he was comfortable, gave him \$125-a-month spending money. "Then," said Coach Graham, announcing the payoff, the ingrate "enrolled at Texas U., not K-State."

The player? "As a point of honor," said Coach Graham, who was obviously not the slightest bit ashamed of his story, "I'm not going to name the player. He's a fine boy—just a victim of overcommercialized college sports who was taught he had a market value." Irate Texans were not so reticent. The player, they said, was named Alvin Beale. Furthermore, Beale never went to Texas U.; he graduated from Tyler and joined the Navy.

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BETHPAGE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

Contractors to the Armed Forces

BUSINESS IN 1951

The Great Gamble

In 1951, said Defense Mobilizer Charles Wilson, we took "a gamble . . . perhaps the greatest gamble in our history." By "we," Charlie Wilson meant the United States of America.

The gamble was that U.S. business could expand fast enough to 1) produce the armaments needed for possible war, and 2) furnish the U.S. people with all—or almost all—the civilian goods they wanted.

With the year's end, the reckoning is in: the U.S. both won and lost. U.S. industry expanded at a rate undreamed-of at the start of the year, and kept civilian- and even luxury-goods production at a phenomenal high. But the U.S. fell shockingly short of building up its strength against the threat of a major war. It failed even to turn out the arms needed for its immediate safety in Korea and Europe.

"Business as Usual." By working furiously, the U.S. added machines and plants for the basic sinews of war roughly equal to 60% of the national output of England. Steel, oil, chemical and electric power production and expansion reached new highs. Then why the arms failure? The chief reason was that the Administration was more worried by a presidential campaign in 1952 than by a world war. It tried to run the arms program in a way to inconvenience no one—worker, employer or consumer. "Business as usual" was the prevailing slogan. Unions gave up none of their wage demands or strike privileges; businessmen, in the words of one top executive, "too often moved heaven & earth, politically and otherwise, to keep civilian production going on as usual."

"Business as usual" cost the U.S. most heavily in planes, for which a third of the entire \$94 billion arms appropriation was earmarked. As the year began, President Truman cockily predicted: "Within one year, we will be turning out planes at five times the present rate of production." Actually, the rate barely doubled. Against Truman's goal of 15,000 planes, the U.S. produced fewer than 5,000—and many of these were trainers and transports. The same failure marked the rest of the arms program. At mid-year, guided-missiles production was 70% below schedule, tanks 40%, electronics 30%.

But part of Charlie Wilson's gamble—part of his policy, in fact—was to build up the U.S. productive capacity so that, in the event of all-out war, U.S. industry could shift to all-out war production without stripping a gear. In this expansion, the U.S. was successful to a degree realized by few at home and almost no one abroad. "Dynamic," often a businessman's cliché, was the right word for U.S. industry in 1951.

Shoot the Works. From the standpoint of total production, the U.S. was never more productive or more prosperous. Output of goods & services rose to \$325 bil-

lion, nearly 15% above the previous peak, in 1950. Almost half this gain was due to higher prices, but the important half was due to increased productivity, thanks to more and newer machines.

The auto industry rolled out 6,806,000 cars & trucks, nearly half again as many as it had expected. The television industry popped out 5,250,000 sets, only one-quarter less than 1950's all-time record. All the goods of peace spewed forth in prodigious quantities: 3,455,000 washing machines, 12,500,000 radios, 4,120,000 refrigerators, 2,900,000 electric toasters, 612 million

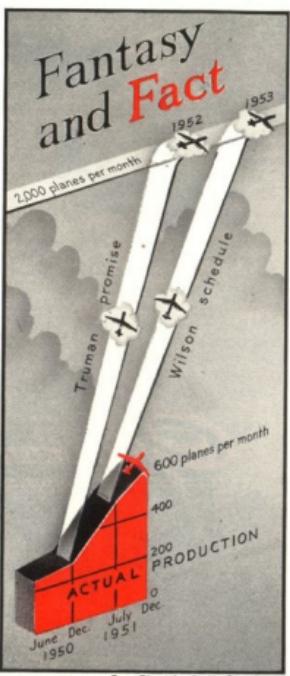
with a capacity of 109 million tons, 5% greater than World War II's peak. Utilities kept the wires crackling with \$2.5 billion of new generating plants, added 1,900,000 new customers, made electricity available to 95% of U.S. farmhouses. Synthetic rubber, under controls at the year's start, was so plentiful by year's end that the U.S. had enough to start exporting it.

Break the Bank. Nowhere was the growth of big & little business more evident to the eye than in an area round Los Angeles' Municipal Airport called "Airport Alley." Two years ago it was nothing but farmland. In 1951, it was the fastest-growing industrial beehive on the humming West Coast. More than 50 plants sprang up almost overnight. Near the Douglas and North American aircraft assembly plants are new factories making everything from jewelry to bathing suits, from power saws to bedding. In two years the value of the land shot from \$4,000 to \$43,500 an acre (\$1 a square foot).

Old industrial centers like New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, which had once, in the economists' phrase, looked "mature," were young again. Pennsylvania was actually leading the expansion parade; its \$1.2 billion in defense-plant write-offs topped the nation's. Its new \$400 million Fairless Works for U.S. Steel is the biggest single steel complex ever begun at one time. New England, for all the decline of its textile plants, was buzzing with expansion of electronic and aircraft industries. In East Hartford (Conn.) alone, United Aircraft's Enginemaker Fred Rentschler was building \$40 million in new plants to speed the production of jet engines. Along Cleveland's eastern lakeshore a whole new chemical empire had sprung up. In Chicago, new industries sprawled all over the suburbs. "Men Wanted" signs hung everywhere, and Bell & Howell kept its employment offices open nights, Saturdays & Sundays "to make it convenient for people to come in."

New Players. The biggest growth was on the nation's relatively new frontiers—notably Texas and the South. Texas was second only to Pennsylvania in its defense-plant write-offs (\$90.8 million). In the sleepy farm town of Rockdale, Alcoa was building a new \$100 million aluminum plant to tap the energy of nearby lignite deposits, potentially even cheaper than natural gas. Along the Gulf Coast, Texas' already immense chemical empire was mushrooming, and a big new Bell helicopter plant was rising near Fort Worth. All over the South, new plants were changing the landscape and the economy; cotton-hands, displaced by mechanical pickers, were shifting to assembly lines. Louisiana alone had \$311 million in new plants planned; between them, Alabama, Kentucky and Florida had \$458 million.

The Rocky Mountain area was a-hum with its first major oil boom, centering in North Dakota's Williston Basin. A whop-



TIME Chart by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

pairs of nylon stockings. Builders, who had expected to finish fewer than 850,000 new homes, actually built more than 1,000,000.

Businessmen spent a record total of \$23.1 billion on new plants and equipment, aided by tax certificates permitting them to write off the bulk of the cost in five years instead of the usual 20. The oil industry alone, spending record \$3 billion on new wells, refineries and pipelines, boosted its output by 14%. Steelmakers, who began \$1.2 billion of new plants, poured out 105 million tons of metal, 8% more than in 1950. They ended the year

ping \$175 million was being spent to explore and develop it. Colorado Fuel & Iron was spending another \$30 million on a seamless-tube plant to supply the drilling pipe. In California, Pacific Gas & Electric in ten years built as much new power capacity as in all its 65 years prior to Pearl Harbor, planned to double it again in the next decade. Despite the failures, there were some production miracles. Only ten months after Chrysler's President Lester Lum Colbert broke ground for a new tank plant at Newark, Del., the first tank rolled out.

New Rules. Not only growth but industrial revolution was in the air. New synthetic fibers, such as Du Pont's Dacron and Union Carbide's Dynel, threatened to displace wool, just as nylon had displaced silk. For the first time, men's summer suits made of synthetics outsold worsted; the new fibers also invaded rug and carpet manufacture, wool's last stronghold.

The harnessing of atomic energy for peacetime was no longer an "if." It became a problem of "how and when." The Atomic Energy Commission let eight companies begin studying how to finance & operate atomic-powered electric plants. General Electric and Westinghouse continued work on atomic engines for submarines; Pratt & Whitney and G.E. were working on similar engines for planes. Patriotically, some companies were also giving their know-how to the AEC without cost, for the rapid development of the whole atomic program. For a \$1 fee, Du Pont's President Crawford Greenewalt agreed to build the \$900 million plant near Aiken, S.C. to make components for the development of the hydrogen bomb. For the same fee, G.E. was managing a \$200 million expansion of the Hanford, Wash. plutonium plant. Union Carbide took on the management of a new \$500 million U-235 plant abuilding at Paducah, Ky.

Blue Chips. Wall Street saluted this growth with the biggest bull market since 1929. Two days after New Year's, the Dow-Jones industrial average stood at 238.09, a handsome 26 points above 1946's bull-market peak. But for 1951 that was the year's low. The industrial average charged up to a 21-year record of 276.37 in September. Dividends, which rose from 1950's \$9.2 billion to \$9.5 billion, helped

spur the market. So did the fear of inflation. The blue chips got the biggest play, but all year investors scrambled to buy "growth" stocks. Investors were not betting on the prosperous present so much as on the even more prosperous future. Not even war scares or the inroads of new taxes on profits gave Wall Street more than a momentary quaver. After every shake-out the market climbed right up again. At year's end it was close to the peak and seemed to be gathering new strength.

Stripped Shelves. The year of industrial growth began in fear and foreboding. In January, the U.S. still quivered from the shock of the Red Chinese intervention in Korea and the U.N. retreat. Consumers, fearful that war production would wipe out civilian goods, started a great wave of panic buying. Department stores, whose business normally skids after Christmas, found sales skyrocketing—and prices right along with them. To try to stop the rise, Price Boss Mike Di Salle put ceilings on all prices. The effect was to reward the chiselers who had already jacked up their prices and punish those who had tried to hold the line.

Then the Federal Reserve Board, which has little faith in price ceilings or blunderbuss methods, unsheathed a rapier aimed at the heart of inflation: the enormous supply of money and credit. FRB tightened up its installment curbs, then boldly touched off the financial fight of the year; it challenged the cheap-money policy of the Fair Deal and Treasury Secretary John Snyder. In the showdown, it forced Snyder to retreat from his cheap-money policy and let the interest rates on Government bonds—which affect all other interest rates—start slowly upwards, thus tightening the money and credit supply and choking off spending. While spending dropped, manufacturers poured out goods as fast as ever (in the first half of the year, for example, the auto industry made as many cars as in the first half of record-breaking 1950).

Stuffed Mattress. All this had its effect. Then consumers began saving their money, tucking it away at a rate of \$20 billion a year, almost twice the 1950 rate. Warehouses bulged with \$69 billion in inventories. Auto dealers' lots were crowded with



MOBILIZATION: WILSON



TANKS: COLEBRT



ENGINES: RENTSCHLER



STEEL: FAIRLESS



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unsold cars; sales of washing machines and appliances tumbled by half, and TV-makers, with a tenfold rise in their unsold sets, slashed production by nearly two-thirds. In June, after the U.S. Supreme Court outlawed blanket price-fixing sections of the fair-trade laws, the biggest price war in decades burst upon the startled and delighted U.S. consumer. In Manhattan, Macy's and Gimbel's sent squads of scouts to flush back the latest reductions, cut prices so fast that an item could be cut twice while a clerk was selling it. By December, many price ceilings were meaningless.

The thrifty shopper could find cut-rate sales of everything from refrigerators to nylons, at prices from 30% to 50% below January. But at year's end, consumers were still not in a free-spending mood. Christmas sales were 4% under those of 1950. For the year, dollar volume of retail sales was up 3%. But discounting price rises, unit sales were actually down and consumers stayed loaded with goods.

From Gallop to Walk. Thus the galloping inflation of January and February was slowed down to a walk. President Truman's economic advisers had predicted that the cost of living would shoot up at least 10%; instead, it rose only 6%. Labor's wages rose 5% to a record average hourly wage of \$1.62, thus almost keeping up with prices. Food, on which the

farm-conscious Administration studiously avoided effective controls, shot up 9%, but even there, increased production checked a further rise. By year's end, prices of food and many commodities had turned down.

There were two added reasons for the leveling-off in the cost of living. Civilian production was bigger than anybody had expected, and arms production was worse than anyone had feared. Charlie Wilson had gone to Washington with all the glamour of his peacetime and World War II production wizardry—and with more power than the U.S. had ever given to any man except the President. Yet somehow he had not been able to work his old-time magic, and many of the worst mistakes of World War II were made all over again.

As top boss, Wilson naturally got the blame—and some of it unquestionably belonged to him. Some of it also belonged to the military men who procrastinated endlessly in telling Wilson what they wanted and how much, and what they wanted first. "All our orders," they said, "are urgent."

In trying to get everything at once, they often got nothing. Much of the delay was caused by nothing more than the immense complexity of the new weapons. Aircraft, which had been scheduled on the basis of World War II production experience, simply could not be produced that fast, because airplanes are now infinitely more complex. Examples: the B-29 bomber took 1,700,000 engineering man-hours to produce, Boeing's B-47 jet-bomber takes 3,464,000; the B-29 had ten miles of wiring, the B-47 has 20 miles in its bombing system alone, 21 miles of other wiring. On some jet bombers, the electronic equipment alone exceeds the entire cost of two old B-29s. To help build this complex equipment, Chairman David Sarnoff shifted giant RCA to 50% war production, but deliveries have been delayed.

One cause of such delays is that the military, rightly wary of "freezing" the designs of weapons which might quickly grow obsolete, carried its caution to such an extreme that very little was standardized quickly enough for big production.

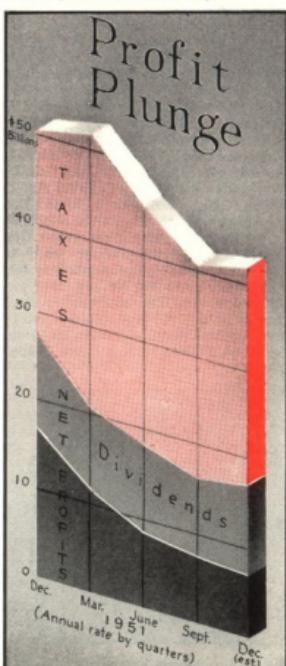
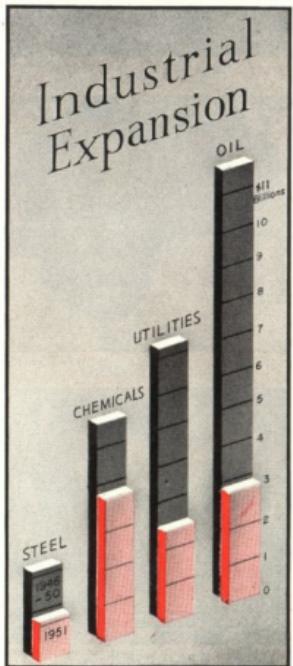
Blunders & Bottlenecks. Inexplicably, the mobilizers' worst blunder was one which World War II experience should have made impossible. If World War II taught anything, it was the crucial importance of machine tools—the machines which make machines, and without which defense plants cannot tool up to make jet engines, airframes, tanks or anything else. Yet Wilson failed to realize that machine tools held the key to the whole armament program. I.T. & T.'s William H. Harrison made the original blunder by refusing to treat machine tools any differently from "pots or pans," denying them priorities. Price Boss Mike Di Salle compounded the blunder by refusing to give toolmakers the price relief needed to step up their output. Wilson did not discover either of these errors soon enough. Not until August did he decree price relief for machine tools. Not until December, at last fully awake to the gravity of the shortage, did he give tool-builders the same top

priorities held by the Atomic Energy Commission. In the lost time, jet engines could not be built for lack of tools; airframes piled up for lack of engines.

Not till year's end did the Pentagon finally draw up a priority list of weapons and component parts—the thousand & one supply items which had become another major bottleneck holding up the final assembly of weapons.*

For all these reasons, arms deliveries, which had been scheduled to reach \$3 billion a month by year's end, actually rose to only \$2 billion a month. But the showing was not quite so bad as it looked. Hundreds of planes, tanks and other weapons were all but finished, lacked only minor parts before they could be turned over to the armed forces. And the pipelines of defense plants were bulging with vast quantities of metals which had already been turned into parts and should shortly be

* Snarling everything was the usual amount of red tape. A Detroit automaker got a jet-engine letter of intent in January 1950, sent Wright Field a complete list of the machine tools needed. Wright Field returned the list, saying: "This is not the right way; use code 76." The rewritten list was also returned with the message, "Sorry, we have decided to use different forms; make 39 copies." After 39 copies, each weighing 5½ lbs., were dispatched, Wright Field requested that "this be done over." The engine, which should have started coming out in February 1951, will not be in production until next May.



assembled into weapons. The hope at year's end was that all the administrative mistakes had been made—and corrected—and that the U.S. still had time to make up the ground it had lost.

Ways & Means. In financing the guns & butter gamble, the U.S. made out better than anybody expected, but only because the spending on guns fell behind. Instead of the deficit everybody predicted, the Treasury actually ended fiscal 1951 in June with a \$3.5 billion surplus. If arms spending continues to lag, the cash budget will probably still be in balance through fiscal 1952. But in the fiscal year starting next June, all Government spending will rise to an estimated \$80 to \$85 billion (nearly \$65 billion of it for arms). With only \$70 billion in estimated revenues under present tax laws, the prospective deficit is \$10 billion or more. Can the U.S. bridge the gap with higher taxes?

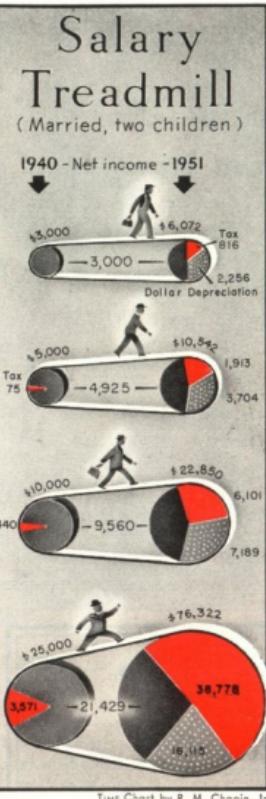
Most businessmen think not. In two years, \$13.7 billion in new taxes have been loaded on corporations and individuals, including \$9 billion in 1951, the biggest tax boost in U.S. history. Federal, state and local taxes now take 30% of the entire national income. Taxes and inflation have dented the dollar to the point where a U.S. couple with two children must earn \$6,072 a year to enjoy the same standard of living that \$3,000 a year brought in 1940. And the higher the income, the higher the ratio (see chart).

Everybody felt the bite of the new taxes, and nobody more than business. Not only was the tax on corporate profits hiked to a record 52%, but in addition, 1951's excess-profits tax boosted the maximum possible tax to 70% of all earnings. The result: corporate profits went plunging.

Corporate profits will probably drop lower in 1952 as civilian production is cut back and arms production, on which the profit is much smaller, takes its place. Most economists think that taxes have just about reached the point of no further return; increases will defeat themselves by robbing corporations of the money to expand and individuals of the money to buy and the incentive to produce more.

If the U.S. is to live within its income, it looks as if it will have to levy a general sales tax, which Congress shuns; because it hits all voters equally hard, and trim out \$6 billion or more of needless non-defense Government spending. It might even have to spread the peak arms expenditures over a longer period so that the present tax yields will pay for them.

Rising Hazards. At year's end, many a businessman was calling for re-examination of the rearmament program in the light of grave new problems. In promising to underwrite the security of Western Europe, the U.S. was beginning to learn that the burden of NATO will be bigger than anyone had realized. ECA, which ended in 1951 after three years and the expenditure of \$11 billion, had gone a long way to restore Europe's economy. Its industrial production rose 40% above prewar levels; its dollar shortage was whittled in ECA's two years from \$8.5 billion to \$1 billion.



In ECA's place, Congress has authorized a maximum of \$6 billion in fiscal 1952 for economic aid and to help Europe rearm. But the rearmament effort has already wiped out much of ECA's gain. In the last 18 months, Europe's prices shot up (France's by 30%), currencies weakened, and the dollar gap widened at year's end to \$3.5 billion.

This trouble arose because there was so little slack in the European economies to take up the arms load. Furthermore, despite all the missionary work of ECA and U.S. businessmen, European industries are woefully inefficient by U.S. standards, still favor cartels and monopolies rather than the U.S. brand of free enterprises. European businessmen blandly ignored the example of the U.S. in 1951; they, too, could expand their economies to bear the arms burden more easily, if they only prized competitive freedom as highly as personal freedom. Without such a change, the vast new plants which the U.S. threw up in 1951 will make it harder than ever for European nations to compete in world

markets—or sell in the U.S. In short, barring fundamental economic reforms, the weakness of Europe appeared so great at year's end that many a businessman thought that the bill to arm it and shore up its economies might come to as much as \$15 or \$20 billion.

Dwindling Wealth. Apart from money, the U.S. had to re-assess how far it could stretch its own natural resources. The vast new expansion was using up such minerals as iron, copper and lead far faster than anyone had anticipated only a few years ago. In many ways the U.S., once the owner of seeming inexhaustible natural treasures, was in danger of becoming a have-not nation. The end of the fabulously rich ores of the Mesabi Range was already in sight. Steelmakers not only began shipping in ore from South America and Liberia, but in 1951 they began operating plants to make the poor-grade taconite ore usable. Copper became so scarce that some metal producers talked of a permanent copper shortage (and saw aluminum taking its place in many ways). In 1951, the U.S. tried to fill its need for raw materials by grabbing them in the world market. But in 1952, the U.S. would have to do more sharing with Europe, and tailor its domestic needs more closely to the needs of all the Western nations.

The Immediate Pinch. What is the outlook for the U.S. in 1952? For guns, it looks immeasurably better. Many of the plants now building will come into production; finished weapons should begin to flow in constantly increasing quantities. But this will happen only if U.S. business, labor and the general public are willing to bear the dislocations which bigger arms production must bring. The lesson of 1951 was that the U.S. cannot get the guns it needs without disrupting more of the economy. In 1952, many less essential businesses may go broke for lack of materials. Unemployment will rise as workers are shifted from peace to war production. (In Detroit, 7% of the workers were already jobless at year's end.) And the U.S. will have to do with far fewer peacetime goods. As more & more metal is used up for arms, autos, refrigerators and all consumer hard goods will be cut.

But the pinch will be only relative—nothing like the protracted shortages of World War II. For one thing, U.S. homes are already well stocked with all the appliances bought in the big buying waves in late 1950 and early 1951. For another, business is still loaded with a record \$70 billion in inventories. Overall production of hard goods will be cut to about 40% of its 1951 rate. As the mobilizers see it, the U.S. will be able to turn out at least:

¶ 3,000,000 new automobiles, 1,400,000 fewer than 1951.

¶ 850,000 new houses, 150,000 fewer than 1951.

¶ 10,900,000 new radios, 4,400,000 television sets, 3,062,000 refrigerators, 2,005,000 washing machines, an average cut of 24% from 1951.

¶ All the clothes that anybody wants.

The pinch should ease after the first six

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December 19, 1951.

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December 18, 1951.

months. The supply of steel will be tightest in the first quarter. After that, expanding capacity (scheduled to hit 118 million tons in 1952 and 120 million tons in 1953) should make more civilian steel available. The total output of goods & services will expand to an estimated \$356 billion at the end of 1952. But with rising incomes there will be more money available than goods & services to spend it on, i.e., an "inflationary gap" of about \$12 billion. Last year's high saving was abnormal, and such trends are quickly reversed. A return to normal could start prices climbing as hard goods grow scarce. Moreover, the price climb will be accelerated if the present uneasy balance between prices & wages is upset by a big new round of wage boosts.

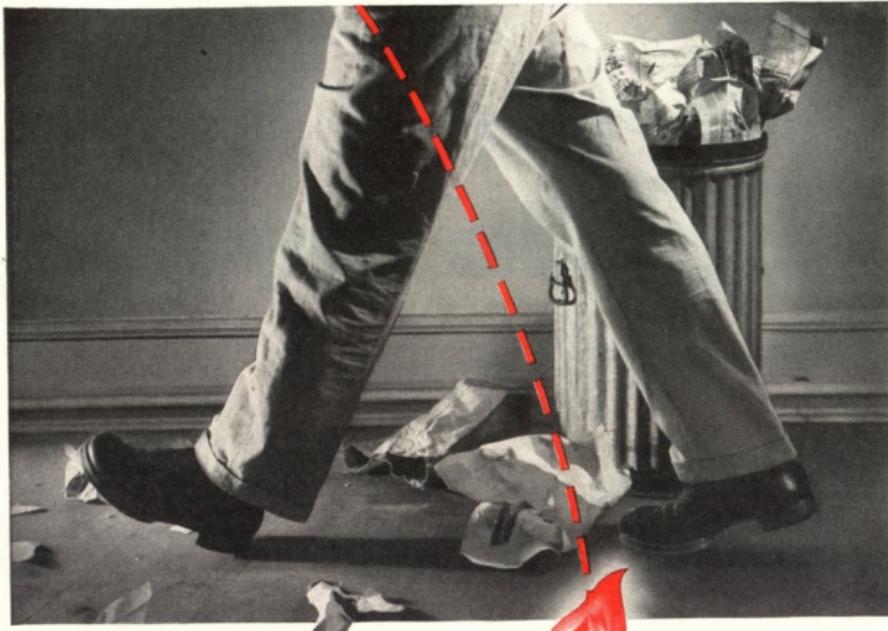
On the other hand, many businessmen worry less about inflation than recession—not for 1952 but for the years after that. They point out that only arms production kept last year's sales slump from being much sharper. What, they ask, will keep the economy going when all the expansion is completed, and arms spending is cut back from its peak?

Ultimate Plenty? For one thing, even after the leveling-off stage in arms production is reached, the security program calls for a permanent arms budget of at least \$50 billion a year. The expanded U.S. economy can shoulder such a load—and the present \$70 billion tax program can finance it.

Moreover, the whole country is growing along with its plants. The 1951 crop of about 3,900,000 babies outran the Census Bureau's predictions by 450,000. The population, now about 155 million (a 15% gain in a decade), was expected to reach 170 million by the 1960 census, but now it looks as if it might reach 180 million. The U.S. has already reached a higher plateau of consuming as well as producing capacity.

Because of this growth, the U.S. has no deep reason to worry about finding use for the tremendous expansion in its productive machine. The backlog demand for all civilian goods will be accumulating during the period of cutbacks. Detroit automakers estimate that fully one-third of the 42 million cars now on the road are over 15 years old. The roads themselves are no longer adequate for today's high-speed cars, and many fell into disrepair during the war years; an estimated \$4 billion is needed to modernize them alone. The oil industry believes it will have to spend \$11.2 billion in a decade, expand by one-third merely to keep abreast of rising demand. The U.S. will need at least 6,000,000 new homes by 1960, merely to house the increased population, and the estimates of all home-building and repairs needed run as high as \$10 billion a year.

The future looks good. But in a war-maceted world, the good future will come to pass only if the nation has the economic strength and the arms to protect itself. Neither alone is sufficient. In 1951, the nation proved it has the strength. In 1952, it must get the arms.



How Fires Start . . .

Carelessness

Top-of-the-list cause of fires, according to study after study, turns out to be just plain human carelessness.

Under the heading "Careless smoking habits" you'll find such oddities as the

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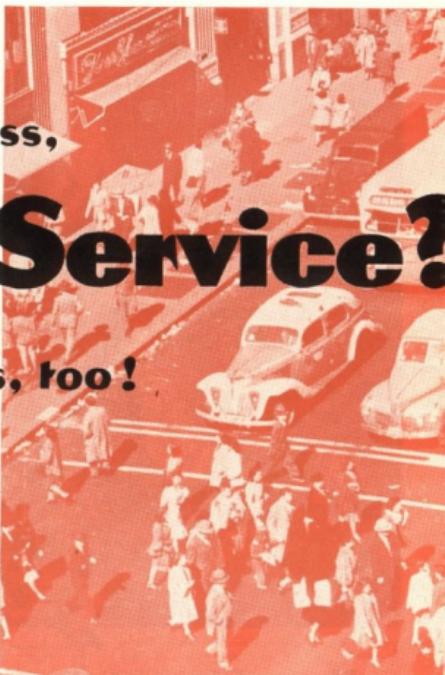
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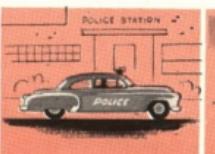
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Exceptional Goethe

The Rev. Rudolf Goethe was ordained a Roman Catholic priest last week, and the news raised something of a stir throughout the Christian world. The stir was not because Goethe[®] had been a German Evangelical pastor for more than 40 years, nor because he is 70 years old, though ordinations of septuagenarians to the priesthood are relatively rare. What caused all the flurry was that the Pope had granted Goethe a special dispensation to continue living under the same roof with his wife.

Pastor Goethe's interest in Catholicism began in 1940, while he was serving a prison term for speaking out against the Nazis. He began reading Catholic literature, later joined a study group. In 1949, shortly after his wife became a Catholic, Goethe entered the church himself. His bishop, the Rt. Rev. Albert Stohr of Mainz, asked special permission from the Pope for Goethe to become a priest while continuing to live with Frau Goethe, "as brother & sister." The Goethes, who are childless, expect to live in Mainz, where Goethe will do organizational work with groups of converts.

Though married men are permitted to become priests in most Eastern Rite Roman Catholic churches, such permission has been otherwise extremely rare since the 12th Century.

The present Pope seems to be shaping a less categorical policy. On the heels of the news about Rudolf Goethe, it was announced that a papal dispensation is in process for another elderly German Protestant pastor who wishes to enter the priesthood while remaining married. Since he still must complete three years of study before being ready for ordination, the second pastor's name was not disclosed.

Women at the Altar?

What the Christian church needs is some priestesses, says the Rev. Cyril C. Richardson, professor of church history at Union Theological Seminary. In the current issue of *Christianity & Crisis*, Episcopalian Richardson argues that through priestesses "the motherhood of the church can be given unique expression."

The old theological argument against such a thing, says Richardson, is that women are incapable of Holy Order because they are in a state of subjection by nature. According to Aquinas, their subjection to men is due to the fact that "in man the discretion of reason predominates." But Richardson reasons that a Christian virtue superior to reason is *agape* (brotherly love), "a virtue which unites masculine and feminine . . . Hence, from a Christian point of view . . . neither the masculine society nor matriarchy is theologically sound. Only the society in which male & female are complementary to each other—not equal in the sense of being

identical, but equal in the sense that neither has priority—is the true Christian society."

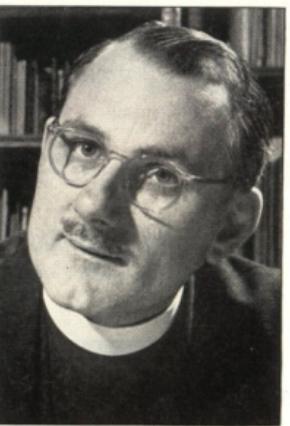
Richardson acknowledges that the main problem is determining just what the special functions of a priestess should be. He thinks she should both preach and celebrate the sacraments, concentrating on "the feminine aspect of the Word, the sacraments and pastoral care." This does not mean just women preaching to women: "Men need the ministry of women less than women need the ministry of men. Or rather, each sex needs the ministry of both sexes in order that the principles of fatherhood and motherhood may be fully expressed in the church."

Workers' Bishop

The people of Aliquippa, Pa. (pop. 28,000) are tough-fibred folk whose lives are centered on the black chimneys, sprawling mills and gaunt coal-mine tiples of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. Any pastor who goes to work in Aliquippa's smoky valley, 20 miles down the Ohio from Pittsburgh, must be tough-fibred too.

Last week Aliquippa's little All Saints' Episcopal Church got the first regular minister it had had in eight years, and to mark the occasion, Bishop Austin Pardue came down from Pittsburgh to install him. He could have filled the vacancy before, the bishop said, but he thought it better to wait for a "good" man, like 28-year-old Walter Righter, their new pastor, who had set his heart on industrial missionary work while he was still training for the ministry.

There are plenty of rich Episcopalians in Bishop Pardue's Pittsburgh diocese, but he doesn't budget much of his time and driving energy for such estate-studded



Werner Wallin—Black Star

PROFESSOR RICHARDSON
Motherhood as well as fatherhood.



A. Martin Hermann

BISHOP PARDUE
Steel mills as well as seminaries.

parishes as Sewickley and Ligonier Valley. The 43 industrial missions and a dozen churches in working-class districts get most of his concern, and the result is a growing kind of ministry that in his opinion has been all too rare in the Episcopal Church. "We in the church," he says, "have concentrated on the Gay Nineties type of missionary work. We worried about the people in the middle of Africa, but no one bothered to evolve a plan for industrial missions."

He admits that the idea of bringing the Episcopal Church to workingmen started a lot of Pittsburghers at first. "But I decided that was to be my main job."

All Sorts & Conditions. Austin Pardue has had plenty of smaller jobs. In Chicago, where he was born 52 years ago, "we never had any money, and I always had to work"—as a drugstore clerk, a lifeguard, a package wrapper. He never got to finish high school. Most of his fun came through St. Peter's Church, where he sang in the choir. St. Peter's had a well-run athletic program, a swimming pool, a summer camp. "It meant everything in my whole life as a kid," says Pardue. "I began to feel that the church had done so much for me that I might go into the ministry. There was nothing pious about it."

After World War I (he enlisted in the army at 17), the first step toward a ministerial career seemed to be college. But at first, he could find no college that was interested in him. Hobart College, at Geneva, N.Y., threw him out twice, put him through aptitude tests and told him he should be a mechanic. St. Stephens College in Annandale, N.Y., dismissed him in ten days. He took seminary preparation at Naschotah, Wis., for two years, and then entered the General Theological Seminary in Manhattan. "How I got in, I don't know," says the bishop.

When he graduated at 25, Pardue went

back to Chicago, became chaplain of the Cook County juvenile court, the morgue and the insane asylum, and assistant chaplain of the county jail. In 1926 he got his first parish, at Hibbing, Minn., and a clearer notion of his life work. The Episcopal church at Hibbing, he found, paid plenty of attention "to the respectable people in the community, but they didn't think very much about the people who lived in the tar-paper shacks."

"We have a phrase which is spoken in our church at every service: that religion is for all sorts and conditions of men. But in too many Episcopal churches, if all sorts and conditions of men were to walk down the aisle on Sunday, the vestrymen would drop dead."

Parsons Who Love. Pardue became Bishop of Pittsburgh in 1944. For six years he had been dean of the cathedral in Buffalo, where he made a point of meeting steelworkers and C.I.O. organizers as well as bankers and plant managers.

In his Pittsburgh diocese, Bishop Pardue has started a new training program for ministers that would make many an old-line prelate blink. Next summer, between their graduation from college and admission to seminary, prospective ministers will work in a steel mill or coal mine. By arrangement with Pardue's good friend and parishioner, Ben Morell, president of Jones & Laughlin, Parsons-to-be will learn their way around the blast furnaces and Bessemer as ordinary laborers. As many as possible will live in the homes of foremen and mill hands.

Seminarians are expected to spend the second summer working in hospitals, prisons and settlement houses. The third summer, they take over an industrial mission. Thus Bishop Pardue hopes to develop the kind of men he needs to fill the 21 to 33 industrial parishes in the diocese which have been chronically vacant.

"Work in areas like these," he says, "is just as exciting and dangerous as it is in the most far-away land. We aren't looking for experts. We're looking for Parsons who love the working people."

Dr. Wallace's Story

One of the best-loved Americans in China was Medical Missionary William L. Wallace, 42, a Southern Baptist of Knoxville, Tenn. When no Chinese would testify against him, the Reds "found" a pistol in his bed in Wuchow, and dragged him off to jail in his pajamas (TIME, March 12). This week in Hong Kong, Father Mark Tennien, Roman Catholic missionary from Pittsford, Vt., and a prisoner in Wuchow before he was expelled from China by the Communists, told the rest of the story.

For several weeks Dr. Wallace stood up well under the sleeplessness and endless questioning. In February he cracked. Night after night he screamed, while prison guards prodded him with bamboo poles to silence him. He grew more & more irrational. One night, after screaming for about an hour, he became quiet, and the Reds discovered that they could no longer hurt Dr. William Wallace. His body was hanging from a strip of blanket tied to the top of his cell door.



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ROBERT W. LADD, Secretary

CINEMA

Choice for 1951

Isle of Sinners (renamed *God Needs Men*). A stirring French film with Pierre Fresnay as a devout fisherman whose fellow islanders prod him into the sacrilege of serving as their priest (TIME, April 16).

Oliver Twist. Director David Lean's British-made version of the Dickens novel; with Alec Guinness and John Howard Davies (TIME, May 14).

A Place in the Sun. Director George Stevens' adaptation of Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*; with Montgomery Clift, Shelley Winters, Elizabeth Taylor (TIME, Sept. 10).

A Streetcar Named Desire. Tennessee Williams' Broadway drama; with Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter (TIME, Sept. 17).

An American in Paris. A buoyant, tasteful musical set to a George Gershwin score with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).

The Red Badge of Courage. Stephen Crane's classic Civil War novel, adapted by Writer-Director John Huston; with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin (TIME, Oct. 8).

The Lavender Hill Mob. Alec Guinness in a superior British concoction of wit and farce (TIME, Oct. 15).

La Ronde. A worldly-wise French comedy of bedroom manners in old Vienna, based on Schnitzler's *Reigen*; with Anton Walbrook, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon (TIME, Oct. 22).

Detective Story. Director William Wyler's production of Sidney Kingsley's stage hit; with Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker (TIME, Oct. 29).

Miracle in Milan. A warm, richly comic fantasy by Italy's Vittorio de Sica (TIME, Dec. 17).

The New Pictures

Death of a Salesman (Stanley Kramer; Columbia) treats the text of Arthur Miller's 1949 Broadway hit with the respect due a play that won both the Pulitzer Prize and the Drama Critics' Circle Award. The unflinching tragedy of Willy Loman, whose phony dreams of success leads him straight to failure, is a bravely uncommon movie to come out of Hollywood, where dreams are the stuff that success is made on. Unhappily, it is also a disappointing picture.

The adaptation might have been better if Producer Stanley (*Champion*, *The Men*) Kramer had taken a few enterprise liberties with Miller's original. On the stage, broken-down Salesman Loman was mentally awry; he talked to himself out loud, and his words led into dramatized fragments of his past and figments of his mind. In the stylized technique of the play, it seemed acceptable that none of the other characters ever did anything about his mental condition. On the screen, he is still speaking his disordered thoughts at the top of his lungs. But to the literal eye of the camera, the ranting salesman (Fredric March) seems so appallingly extreme a mental case that it becomes hard to believe that his wife, sons or neighbors would not rush him to an asylum. The madman in Loman, as he is played in this film, is constantly overshadowing the man himself.

The play told much of its story in flashbacks, which is one of the tricks the movies do superbly. But Director Laslo Benedek models his flashbacks on the way they were done on the stage, e.g.: part of the set opens or lights up to represent the past, and without a change of costume or make-up, Willy Loman walks out of the

present and enacts a scene reliving a memory. This technique, striking in itself, clashes oddly with the everyday realism of the movie's settings. Director Benedek does not improve matters by tricking up the sets with such expressionistic embellishments as diamonds twinkling symbolically from silhouetted trees on a Brooklyn street.

At other times, the movie blunts poignancy and climaxes and fritters away mood. Thanks mostly to Playwright Miller, some of the play's power still courses through *Death of a Salesman*. From the Broadway cast, the film offers good performances by Mildred Dunnock as Willy's wife, Cameron Mitchell as his philandering son, Howard Smith as his envied neighbor, Kevin McCarthy, who played on the London stage the son who sees through Willy, does well in the same part.

One of the film's worst drawbacks: Fredric March in the key role. Trying to convey Willy's shambling desperation, March never shakes off the appearance of an actor calculatedly playing a part; sometimes, in slurred speech and mauldin gestures, his calculation is so wide of the mark that he seems to be trying to play a drunk.

My Favorite Spy (Paramount) casts Bob Hope as both a cowardly burlesque comedian and a debonair international spy. U.S. security agents persuade the comic to impersonate the spy, pack him off to a Tangier that is teeming with sinister villains (Francis L. Sullivan & Co.) and baited with beautiful but treacherous lady spy (Hedy Lamarr).

The plot was old when Hope was merely hopeful; he has used most of the situations himself many times before, and even the title owes a debt to one of his earlier films, 1942's *My Favorite Blonde*. But for all these heavy mortgages, Hope and his five writers pay a good rate of comic interest: rapid-fire gags, uproarious burlesque bits such as those that enrich Broadway's current *Top Banana*, and an old-fashioned, helter-skelter movie chase in which Hedy drives a fire truck through old Tangier with Hope perilously clinging to its raised ladder.

Elopement (20th Century-Fox) is a bogus little comedy about a young couple (Anne Francis and William Lundigan) who run off to get married and are pursued by two sets of indignant parents determined to stop them. Once thrown together, the girl's uppity parents and the boy's homespun folks take to each other so enthusiastically that they turn to playing Cupid when the youngsters bicker and part short of the altar.

Cast as the girl's haughty father, who turns incongruously into a sentimental old dear, Clifton (*Belvedere*) Webb takes another sizable stride in his descent from actor to movie type. *Elopement* contains one passably good visual gag: a modern reclining chair that slowly tips its occupant upside down. But the film is so hard up for comic ideas that it has to use the same gag twice.



FREDRIC MARCH & MILDRED DUNNOCK
His is an extreme case.

MILESTONES

Born. To Deborah Kerr, 30, British cinemactress (*Colonel Blimp*) who has settled in Hollywood (*King Solomon's Mines*, *Quo Vadis*), and Anthony Bartley, 34, producer of adventure movie shorts: their second child, second daughter; in Los Angeles. Name: Francesca Ann. Weight: 8 lbs.

Married. Michelle Bridgit Farmer, 19, up & coming actress (the French film, *Monte Carlo Baby*), daughter of tireless stage & screen Siren Gloria Swanson and her fourth husband, Michael Farmer; and Robert Amon, 37, Turkish-born Paris moviemaker; in Paterson, N. J.

Died. Hilary Aidan St. George Saunders, 53, official British war historian; of asthma; in Nassau. Under the pen names of Francis Bedding and David Pilgrim, Saunders collaborated with John Palmer on some 40 thrillers (*Eleven Were Brave*), but it was his anonymous histories of Britain's role in World War II (*The Battle of Britain*; *Combined Operations*) that reached the top of the bestseller lists (more than 12 million copies).

Died. Henry G. Bennett, 65, long-time (1928-50) president of Oklahoma A. & M., head of President Truman's Point Four program for aid to underdeveloped countries; in the crash of an Egyptian Airlines plane during a snowstorm; near Teheran, Iran. The son of an Arkansas Baptist minister, Bennett made A. & M. the big, prosperous school it is today; an expert agriculturist, he served last year as advisor to Ethiopia's Haile Selassie.

Died. Paul Henderson, 67, Kansas-born non-flying "father of airmail service," who, as second Assistant Postmaster General (1922-25), organized the first coast-to-coast airmail run, pioneered in the development of light signals to make night flying possible, retired to work as an official of National Air Transport, Inc.; of a stroke; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Allan M. Hirsh, 73, Virginia-born sewer-pipe manufacturer with an old claim to fame: as a college sophomore (Yale '01), he wrote *Booloo-Booloo*, the football song; in Manhattan.

Died. Arthur Capper, 86, onetime governor of Kansas (1915-19), longtime Republican U.S. Senator (1919-40), publisher (*Capper's Farmer, Household*); of pneumonia; in Topeka, Kans. Starting as a typesetter, Capper became a reporter, began investing, wound up owning two newspapers and eight farm journals (combined circ. 4,700,000) and two radio stations. Politically, he stood for farmers' benefits, isolationism (until the U.N., which he supported), prohibition (he sponsored hatchet-swinging Carry Nation's sweep through Topeka on a bar-smashing tour). He retired from the Senate at 83.

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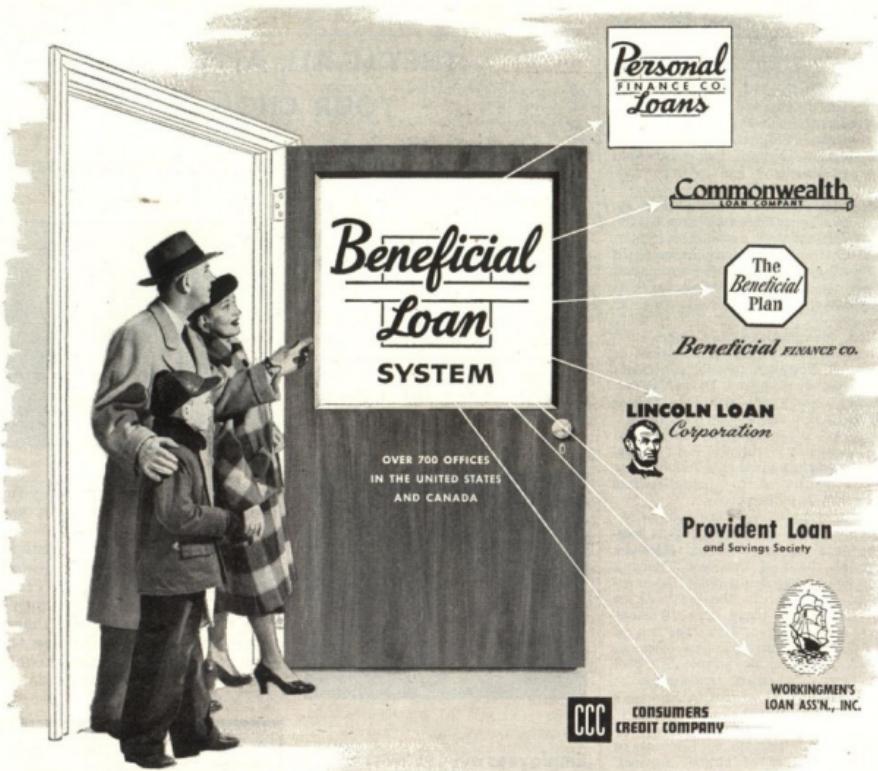
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BOOKS

Torrents of Ink

THE MARSHALL STORY (344 pp.)—Robert Payne—Prentice-Hall (\$5).

Author Pierre Stephen Robert Payne started something in 1919 that he can't stop. He was only seven that year, but he had an attack of writer's itch, and with the same zest another boy his age might have used to dismember a grasshopper. Payne wrote *The True Adventures of Princess Sylvia*. His manuscript showed a youthful disdain for humdrum fact, e.g., he set Princess Sylvia to reign not only over Denmark, but over all of Asia as well. The main thing was that his writer's itch turned chronic. This week, at 40, he published his 43rd book, a biography of General George C. Marshall.

Even for Payne, 1951 was a pretty busy year; six full-length books, including two novels (*Red Lion Inn*, and, under the pseudonym Richard Cargoe, *Maharaja*), a book of short stories (*The Blue Negro*), and three nonfiction works (*Red Storm over Asia*, *The Fathers of the Western Church*, *The Marshall Story*). And Author Payne shows no signs of slowing up. He has eight more books in the works at the moment. One, a study of the tramp created by Charlie Chaplin, is finished and delivered to the publisher. Among the others are a life of Christ, a travel book about the U.S., a history of Western man, and a "study of France during several decades."

Factory Hazards. Author Payne, who now lives in Montevallo, Ala., was born in Cornwall, the son of a French mother and a British naval architect. He went to school in England and Africa, later studied whatever pleased him in Munich and at the Sorbonne. For a time he worked as

a shipwright in England, then, in 1939, he got a job in the yards at Singapore. By that time his books were getting published (one under the pseudonym Valentin Tikhonov). In 1941 he went to China for the British Ministry of Information, wound up with successive jobs at Fuhsan and Lienta Universities, teaching literature and naval architecture.

From his eight years in the Far East came a whole shelf of books ranging from an anthology of Chinese poetry (*The White Pony*) to a biography, *Mao Tse-tung: Ruler of Red China*. At least one well-informed reviewer attacked the Mao book for its disdain of humdrum fact. Wrote scholarly Dr. Hu Shih, one-time Chinese Ambassador to the U.S.: "Empty padding . . . falsified history." Such adverse judgments are among the hazards a one-man writing factory runs. Payne works admittedly from what is at hand in public libraries, has an uncommon knack for converting a shelf of books on a given subject into a book of his own. He keeps four or five books going at once ("I get bored. I get excited about one book for a day and then I change over"). He is a professor of English at Alabama College for Women (enrollment 662). But by working regularly from midnight to 4 a.m., he grinds out about 20 pages of writing a day. Says Payne modestly: "I don't write phenomenally fast. It's just a matter of keeping at it steadily."

Fewer & Better. Payne's latest, *The Marshall Story*, was dredged chiefly from Manhattan's well-stocked 42nd Street library. Payne met Marshall once for a few minutes in China in 1946, but he has neither asked Marshall for information for his book nor has he spoken to anyone who has known Marshall. Says Payne: "I wanted to stay clear of the military mind." The result is that *The Marshall Story* also stays pretty clear of the inner Marshall, reads like what it is, a glib job of carpentry.

Perhaps Payne might write better books if he wrote fewer, but he is not in a mood to consider that. His publishers (he has nine at present) have begged him to slow down: his books are competing with each other in the bookstores. Payne's answer: "I intend to go on writing six or seven books a year."

Sage of the Minuet

LORD CHESTERFIELD AND HIS WORLD (456 pp.)—Samuel Shellabarger—Little, Brown (\$5).

Samuel Shellabarger is a master of the historical romance. His *Captain from Castile* and *Prince of Foxes* bristled with swashbuckling Renaissance antics, and hustled down the old pay-dirt road to sales of more than 1,000,000 copies each. But before he became the darling of the cloak-and-swagger set, Author Shellabarger, a one-time Princeton professor, wrote sober-sided biographies. One of these, *Lord Chesterfield and His World*, published in



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LORD CHESTERFIELD

Instead of a blue chip, immortality.

Britain in 1935, is making a belated U.S. bow. Scholarly Author Shellabarger has taken a firm grip on a sly subject: a man with the moral instincts of a chameleon and the temperament of an icicle.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was a chilly 18th Century aristocrat, diplomat and wit, whose famous letters to his son, designed to make the lad a blue chip off the old block, immortalized their author instead. Reared in the Age of Reason, Chesterfield also became its perfect symbol: a man who saw his time steadily, but never saw through it.

In Chesterfield's emotional budget, sentiment was a luxury, style a necessity. "Do everything," the earl instructed a godson, "in minutiae; speak, think, and move always in that measure." The irony of Chesterfield's own life was that he gracefully missed every other beat. He served George II ably as ambassador to The Hague, and was probably one of the few lord-lieutenants of Ireland whose blarney charmed the Irish. But solid triumphs abroad never netted him more than slim cabinet posts at home, and George II scornfully dubbed the diminutive earl a "dwarf-baboon."

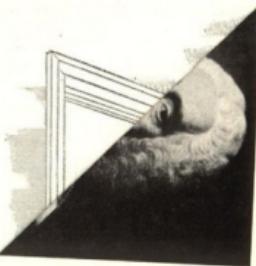
The Duties of Women. He was friendly with greater men, like Voltaire and Pope, but his satiric wit was to theirs as a mosquito bite to a wasp's sting. Offered the chance to sponsor Samuel Johnson's *Dictionary*, he muffed it so badly that years later an embittered Johnson rebuffed him with a classic retort: "Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?"

Though his fabulous Mayfair manor, Chesterfield House, took three years in the building, the earl never properly had a home. At 38, his personal fortune depleted by staggering losses at cards, he advertised for a wife ("I want merit and I want



Willem Holt

AUTHOR PAYNE
Instead of boredom, carpentry.



Pogo & the Earl

He all but filled Santa's pouch.

money"). He got the money from a middle-aged and somewhat vulgar countess who brought him £50,000 in dowry and £3,000 in annual income. After the wedding, they were rarely seen together.

Chesterfield took a dim view of women generally; he felt their proper function was "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer." But in an age of high manners and low morals, it was chic to have a mistress, even more chic to sire a bastard. The earl had both.

He seduced a plump little French governess, discarded her after a year or so, left her in his will "five hundred pounds as some compensation of the injury." The illegitimate son she bore him turned out to be the sad apple of his eye. The sage of the minutet had sired a clothopper. But Chesterfield was the last to admit it.

The Training of a Slob. From the age of six, putty-brained little Philip was trained on Greek, Latin and the great books. At 14, he was sent Grand Touring for five years. In a chain of letters, the earl alternately lashed the boy into study and lectured him on the art of being worldly-wise. "For God's sake, my dear boy, do not squander away one moment of your time . . . I knew a gentleman who was so good a manager of his time, that he would not even lose that small portion of it which the calls of nature obliged him to pass in the necessary-house, but gradually went through all the Latin poets in those moments."

Though no rebel, young Philip occasionally fretted at the guide-strings. In Lausanne, while standing behind some intent card-playing senators, he "snipped the strings of their breeches" and clapped their flowing wigs to their chairs. Then he cried "Fire!" and the senators sprang up bareheaded and bare-bottomed.

What made the earl cringe was that Philip was such a slob. At a dressy dinner at Chesterfield House, he gobbed so earnestly at a plate of gooseberries topped with whipped cream that his face was soon lathered. Humiliated before his guests, Chesterfield quipped to Philip's servant: "John, why do you not fetch the strop and the razors? You see your master is going to shave himself." When Philip botched his maiden speech in the House of

Commons, Chesterfield finally scrapped his dream that he would ever make a man, or even a mankin of distinction out of his son.

Increasingly deaf and forever ailing, the earl took to shuttling stoically between Bath and London, in one city drinking the waters, in the other, the bitter tea of a lonely old age. His reason had withered his faith in God and realism had whittled his faith in man, but nothing ever weakened his faith in manners. On his deathbed, his valet announced that a friend, Solomon Dayrolles, had come to see him. "Give Dayrolles a chair," croaked Chesterfield, and died.

Poosum with Snob Appeal

Pogo (182 pp.)—Walt Kelly—Simon & Schuster (\$1).

Ever since Cartoonist George Herriman died in 1944, and Krazy Kat disappeared from the back fence of literature, the comic strips have suffered an intellectual hiatus. One syndicate was ready with Barnaby, a cheerful little psycho whose daydreams, and all the characters in them, came to life; but where Krazy Kat breathed a sort of smoky, city poetry that anyone could sniff, Barnaby and his friends mumbled social parables that a lot of well-wishers soon wearied of puzzling out.

The newest comic-strip character with intellectual appeal is a possum called Pogo. Born three years ago in the moribund New York *Star*,⁹ Pogo has multiplied himself with possumy precocity, and currently appears in 210 U.S. newspapers. Cartoonist Walt Kelly has now collected the best-known adventures of Pogo into a book which all but filled Santa's pouch with little marsupials. In fact, during the month of December, *Pogo* has been the fastest-selling book in the U.S.

Pogo is a bright-eyed, cuddly little critter, as amiably shapeless as a Teddy bear, with a head like a hairy zero, a nose like an overboiled Yam. He lives somewhere in the happy absences of Georgia's vast Okefenokee swamp, with his friends. Among them: Albert, a raffish alligator who smokes cigars, courts a skunk with a French accent, and describes himself as "handsome, brilliant and modest to a fare-thee-well"; Howland Owl, a foolish old bird who crosses a "gee-ranum" plant with a yew tree, hoping to get a "yew-ranum" bush for an atom bomb; the Deacon, a muskrat so elegantly educated that he speaks mostly in Old English script.

In their pleasant nowhere, Pogo and his companions live pretty much like people everywhere—cudging cigars, holding elections, taking bird walks, chasing sea serpents, fighting duels, undergoing psychoanalysis, marching on Washington (and demanding to see the Easter Bunny).

⁹ A small band of Pogophiles prefer to say that Pogo was reborn in 1948. From 1943 until 1946, he appeared bimonthly in a comic-book format that was almost totally ignored by the intelligentsia.

They even have to deal with the housing problem when a formation of bats rents space in the alligator's mouth, and then refuses eviction. From all these everyday situations the bone of contention is pulled, and the hollow space stuffed with whimsy, sentiment, gags, puns, and a sprinkling of philosophy ground very small.

Artist Kelly has the idea that, by setting everyday events against a simple background, like figures against a sheet, he can make the human elements in them stand out more clearly. Sometimes he can, and with true invention. Pogo novices should be warned, however, that 182 pages of wit & wisdom from a small rodent can be almighty surfeiting. For best effect, this sort of thing should be taken, as is customary with *War and Peace*, a bit at a time.

Commuters' Special

A SHORT WALK FROM THE STATION (175 pp.)—Phyllis McGinley—Viking (\$2.75).

Phyllis McGinley comes right out and admits it: she likes living in "a middle-class house on a middle-class street in a middle-class village full of middle-class people" (i.e., Westchester County's Larchmont). She even writes a poem about it two or three mornings a week after her two young daughters (13 and 11) scoot off for school.

A Short Walk from the Station is Versifier McGinley's sixth book in praise of normal things, and it is disarmingly pleasant reading. Up to now, she has spoken for all the loving but distracted parents who know as well as she does that:

*In bandyng words with progeny
There's no percentage I can see . . .
And then, when childish wails begin
We don't debate.
We just give in.*



Roy Stevens

POETESS MCGINLEY
Her slip is showing.

And she has shown a streak of lively malice toward such suburban intellectuals as

*Lug home the current choices of the Guild
(Commended by the press to flourish of trumpets),
Or rent a costume piece adroitly filled
With goings on of Restoration strum-pets—
And thus, well read, join in without arrears
The literary prattle of her peers.*

But in *A Short Walk* there is a new McGinley, not only warmer but better, a suburban Frost who shows all the signs of trying to slip unobtrusively from light verse into homely poetry:

*The streets are named for trees. They edge
Past random houses, safely fenced
With paling or with privet hedge
That bicycles can lean against.
And when the roots of maples heave
The solid pavements up that bound
them, *
Strollers on sidewalks give them leave
To thrust, and pick a way around
them.*

*The little boats in harbor wear
Sails whiter than a summer wedding.
One fountain splashes in a Square.
In winter there's a hill for sledding;
While through October afternoons
Horse chestnuts dribble on the grass,
Prized above diamonds or doubloons
By miser children, shrill from class . . .*

RECENT & READABLE

Barabbas, by Pär Lagerkvist. The story of a reprieved cutthroat who was haunted to the end by the memory of Golgotha (TIME, Dec. 3).

Closing the Ring. Volume V of Winston Churchill's incomparable history of World War II (TIME, Nov. 26).

Gods, Graves & Scholars, by C. W. Ceram. The big men and big moments of archeology; proof that digging can be dramatic (TIME, Nov. 12).

The Selected Letters of Henry Adams, edited by Newton Arvin. Memorable commentary, mostly disenchanted, on two generations of U.S. life, by a brilliant and introspective man who grew up thinking that the presidency was a family trade (TIME, Nov. 12).

The Conformist, by Alberto Moravia. Italy's best novelist unravels the character of a Fascist (TIME, Nov. 12).

Life's Picture History of Western Man. A vividly illustrated panorama of a thousand years of Western civilization (TIME, Nov. 5).

Katherine Mansfield's Letters to John Middleton Murry. Touchingly intimate self-revelations by the author of some of the finest short stories in the language (TIME, Nov. 5).

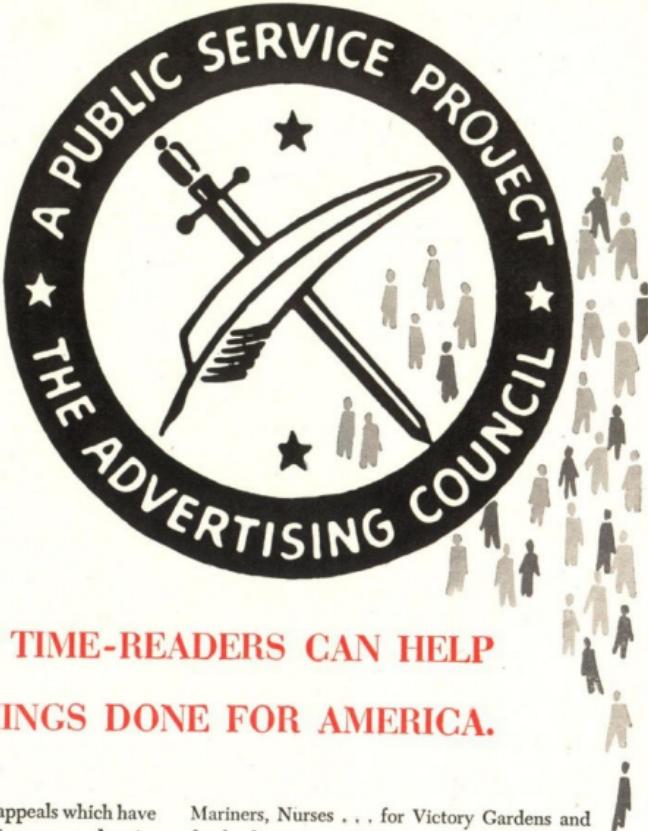
The End of the Affair, by Graham Greene. A shocker about an adulterous love that leads to sainthood—in one of the most controversial endings of the year (TIME, Oct. 29).

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Mariners, Nurses . . . for Victory Gardens and for food conservation, for salvage of all kinds to win the war. Then there's Smokey the Bear. You've heeded his pleas for fire prevention—and have already saved millions of board feet of vitally needed lumber.

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What the Advertising Council Is—and Does

You and your neighbors have acted on these magazine advertisements, now own \$35 billion worth of Defense Bonds, and are continuing to buy millions more.

What YOU Can Do . . . MUST Do
To Ease the Critical Iron and Steel Scrap Problem

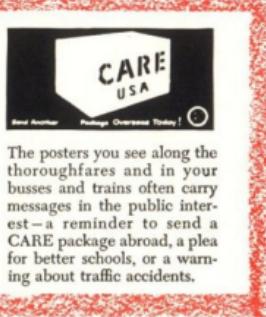
When scrap is needed quickly to keep our defense plants rolling, ads like this, sponsored by leading business and trade publications, help make that need known.

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The Advertising Council represents the conscience of America in action. It demonstrates that American business is willing and anxious to do its part in building a better nation.

The Council is an independent, non-profit, non-partisan organization composed largely of advertisers, advertising agencies and media, including magazines, newspapers, radio and television, the outdoor and transportation advertising groups. National programs in the public interest are conducted voluntarily by the Council in behalf of leading non-profit organizations and the government. Its budget is contributed by business generally. Space and time are given by advertisers and media.

Closely associated with the Council is an Industries Advisory committee consisting of 38 "business statesmen" who advise on approaches and procedures. A Public Policy Committee—which includes leading representatives of management, labor, education, agriculture, religion, medicine and journalism—evaluates requests for campaigns and decides which should be undertaken by the Council in the interests of the public as a whole.



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MISCELLANY

A calendar of the triumphs, defeats and contortions of the human spirit during 1951.

JANUARY—Fare Enough. In Chicago, Hudson Dealer Jim Moran, who advertised that he would pay any prospective customer's transportation to his showroom, got a taker, shelled out \$708 for a plane ticket from Sydney, Australia.

FEBRUARY—Don't Move. In Rangoon, Burma, Fisherman Gaung Shai, after being stranded for 15 months on a desert isle in the Indian Ocean, reported that when a boat finally came to his rescue, its crew bemoaned the state of the world, advised him to stay stranded.

MARCH—The Informer. In Pittsburgh, after 40 holdup victims were unable to identify any suspect in a police line-up, one of the suspects obliged by identifying three of the persons he had held up.

APRIL—Dots & Dashes. In Superior, Wis., Morris Barieult, a railroad worker, explained in court why he set upon three bumkates with an iron poker: he suspected they were plotting an attack on him by snoring in Morse code.

MAY—Long Count. In Washington, D.C., after taking a count of ten, Boxer James Walker staggered up from the canvas to challenge a jeering ring fan, who floored him again with one haymaker.

JUNE—Cost of Living. In Sherman, Texas, Price's department store advertised \$2 shirts for \$3.

JULY—Double Standard. At Fort Devens, Mass., Donald Potter began Army paratrooper training after the Navy rejected him because he would neither remove his nude tattoo nor drapé her.

AUGUST—Missing Links. In Vancouver, B.C., police sought four tosspots who had been pushing each other into a zoo moat to entertain the sober inhabitants of Stanley Park's monkey house.

SEPTEMBER—Demand & Supply. In Korea, the 2nd Division's 38th Regiment requisitioned a generator and two typewriters, received a candle and two pencils.

OCTOBER—Down by the Bough. In Attleboro, Mass., Alonzo Benson dreamed that he was lying head down in three feet of water, woke up to find himself hanging by his knees from a tree in the backyard.

NOVEMBER—Curb Service. In Los Angeles, Al McCarthy, 49, was sentenced to 175 days in county jail for dressing as a priest and accepting free drinks in exchange for hearing barroom confessions.

DECEMBER—Trial Run. In Santa Clara, Calif., Jackie Cambra, 6, started down his chimney, got stuck, finished the trip with aid from firemen, wrote to Santa Claus: "Use the front door or window."



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